

# CAVALCADE

MAY 1!



© 1933 by  
Cavalcade, Inc.  
for  
periodicals.

\* Cavalcade's exclusive film story in  
pictures: **OUT OF THE PAST**



# Cavalcade

CONTENTS

MAY, 1948.

## ARTICLES

- The Pusher Brake and Red Bloodhead is Run
- Road to Nowhere
- Father Tells His Son
- A Life on the Ocean Floor
- Uncle Mike Bows Out
- Experience in Italy
- Openhens Without Fear
- Six Dots that Sparked the Light
- New Zealand's Self-made King

Bill Knott	3
Harold Pollock	8
Craig Ricci	12
Peter Panderell	16
Marie J. Fontenay	20
Bill Delany	24
Cedric Mankolov	28
Frederick Windsor	34
Ray Heath	38
D'Arcy Mclan	62

## FICTION

- He Hated Like his Father
- The Last Dog Laughed
- The Last Brains

Roderick Thor	38
Raymond Storrey	42
Dorothy Mills	93

## FEATURES

- Passing Sentences
- Photographic
- Sleeping Out
- Medicine on the March
- The Home of To-day
- PICTURE STORY: The Selected DANCE
- Cavalcade's Story of a Film
- Cartoons

7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 33, 41, 48, 57, 61, 65

W. Weston Sharp 66-58

35, 76

Gibson 50-52

54

54

70-75

18

Names in captions are writings  
other than festival are fiction.

Publisher: KEN C. MURRAY • Editor-in-Chief: FRANK S. GREENHOP • General Manager: FRED SMITH • Circulation Manager: ALBERT A. MURRAY • Art Director: HALICE CORA • Production: GEORGE BASINALL • Business Manager: WALTER T. CHARLES • Promotion: JOHN MURRAY • Circulation: DOUGLAS WICK

## ADVERTISING

General Advertising Manager: COLIN A. FITZPATRICK  
Advertising Representatives: KEITH E. MARSHALL, Leonard House, 46 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne  
C. W. HANSEN, 76 Franklin Street, Adelaide, 226 BAYARD, 2504 West 11th Street, Los Angeles.

Tale of the days when bobbies led boys to crime and force was the remedy.



THE NEW

**DUNLOP** 

THE GREATEST CAR TYRE EVER BUILT



THE PUSHES  
BROKE AND FLED

BILL KNOX

IT was during that period that one elderly nostalgic described as the "halcyon days"—the end of the Edwardian period and the beginning of the reign of George V—that Victoria's most spectacular police patrol came into being.

Black Jack Johnson had beaten Victoria's heavyweight pride in the pouring rain at Richmond racetrack and had gone on to Sydney to best Tommy Burns to pulp and take the heavyweight pugilists crown from him.

And around every pub corner in the mean streets of Melbourne's inner

suburbs, spouting into the gutter, molesting passing women, "rolling" drunks, holding up boxing wagons, cameras on pay nights, standing over the pub and taking their toll from their molls who plied the world's most debase trade in Little Bourke Street, Little Lonsdale Street and Lonsdale Street, lurked the most sanguine portent of the times—the flesh lancers.

In the dreary little suburbs with the mean little streets that now constitute the slums of inner Melbourne, there was nothing to relieve the monotony for high spirited youngsters.

IN spite of warning messages distributed through newspaper and radio broadcasts, and through U.S. consular offices, the number persons in Europe that Australia is suffering a major shortage. For the past year, travellers across the Atlantic have been including large quantities of salt and padded men in their luggage, only to have it taken from them at the American and destroyed. Even of those who were a doctor, various men point out in their baggage people, the most would still be forced into this as a present the number greater the introduction of venereal diseases.

So they congregated round the pubs, the billiard saloons and the boozed areas, menacing the decenties for all who used the streets after dark.

The police patrolled in couples in the infected areas, but the hospitals often worked overtime at week-ends padding up damaged coppers.

They were pig-topped monsters, right-fitting coats with padded shoulders, bowler hats, pointed wood patent leather buttons up boots with dull led uppers, fish ties.

They distanced the knife or revolver as weapons, but the black jack, the slingshot and knuckle dusters were stock armaments.

They had the police worried, but at last Commissioner Tommy O'Callaghan and Superintendent Nicholson (later Commissioner), hit on a plan.

They sent for the toughest cop then in Melbourne, Sergeant (later Superintendent) Matt Campbell, and asked him to take over the job of suppressing the pushers.

He was given a very free hand. After a painstaking search throughout the force Campbell selected ten of the toughest cops he could locate—every man a proved bare knuckle fighter, every man game as a pugil.

They went into strenuous training before starting on the clean up.

These men earned no handouts, no revolver, no batons. They were strictly enjoined that as arrests, fines, and imprisonment had not alleviated the public nuisance they were there to smash the lunatics with their fists.

These were not official instructions—they were told from high quarters that their job was to remove the lunatic menace by the most expeditious means.

Soon they became known and feared by the mob as "The Terrible Ten" a walking patrol liable to sweep at any time on unsuspecting push members going about their unseemly occupations.

They first made a surprise attack on the Beaufortos, whose stamping ground lay in a rough line between the Carlton Brewery and Melbourne University southern boundary.

The Terrible Ten arrived in the middle of a pitched battle between the students and the mob, which was trying to steal the iron spiked fence round the plot of ground where the Engineering Faculty Buildings now stand.

Twenty minutes later the mob was flying. Nights after night the ten policemen returned to the area and any lunatic who did not go狂狂ly as he was told, was made very sorry for himself. The Beaufortos faded from the scene inside a month.

The Hungry Seventy Two (so

called because on one occasion they sat at three quarters of an hour before the official guests at an official banquet in a Melbourne salubrit and ate everything provided for 72 guests), put up a long fight, but were beaten after a year long guerrilla engagement.

Gradually the Victorian police drifted to pack areas plain clothes policemen with fighting reputations, but the Terrible Ten were still the most feared and feared coppers in Melbourne.

"Hit where you see a lunken's hand" was their slogan, and they punched to such purpose that by the end World War I broke out in 1914, the pushers had almost been disbanded.

The war hastened their decline, as most of their members enlisted—one to win a V.C., a number to win commissions, hundreds to die on Gallipoli or in France and Flanders.

Sergeant Matt Campbell eventually became chief of the C.I.D.

His fighting ability was always

venerated in every part of Melbourne.

Once when he was officer in charge on night duty he was sitting at the snagsite near the corner of a heavy-weight who was having a somewhat torpid time.

During a spell the weary cop took a big mouthful of water and without sighting for direction shot the lot over old Matt.

Inside a few seconds Matt had his coat off and was getting through the ropes to deal it out to the confused one, when the student manager grabbed him.

"For God's sake have a heart," he said. "We can't afford to have you mauling that bloke about. We want him for a fight in Sydney in a month's time."

C. J. Dennis immortalised the Melbourne brawlers in his dinkum verse, "The Sentimental Bloks," and "The Moods of Ginger Mack."

But when his verses were published the pushers were already dead—slashed by the fists of the Terrible Ten.





Better suited for fine banquets, these birds tear each other to pieces.

HAROLD POLLOCK

# Bloodshed <sup>15</sup> Jun

IN Tahiti, much glamorised, beautiful island, I witnessed a most degrading, disgusting, blood spectacle.

On a balmy, sunny Sunday afternoon I strolled along a banana-palmed, sandy road two kilometers from Papeete. Naked brown Tahitian children played like healthy young puppies on the grass. The elusive, fragrant perfume of a thousand exotic tropical flowers filled the warm air. Some 200 years ago, the mattock of the "Boggy" had thought Tahiti paradise on earth. No wonder!

In a bend of the road I came upon a cosmopolitan, smoky crowd of Chinese, Tahitians, French sailors,

and a few European civilians. It was a shady glade beneath tall, prostrating banana palms. Tattered lace and cloth with patches of perfume (native bark string) and well out of reach of one another, were fighting cocks, birds moulded by caning men into fighting machines. The people assembled were waiting to see the fight.

The growing crowd argued noisy; the first fight was about to begin. Bets are wagered. Notes of large denominations are snatched into grasping, sweaty hands. Now and then a knowledgeable humor, appraising looks over one of the birds.

Large brown eyed women are laying the odds as well as the men.

"Oui" (start) the simple shouts.

The first fight is about to begin, but no, not quite yet. The natural spur, sharp and lethal looking, are not good enough for the owners, whose cocks will carry more money in the fight than they themselves could earn in six months of honest work. (The highest bet I heard of was one of 20,000 francs, \$1200). So the spurs are sharpened with a tipi (pocket knife), until they are as sharp as, and harder than, needles. The spectators have jostled themselves four or five deep round the 12 foot diameter ring.

The ale is music with excitement. The owners of the two cocks squat on opposite sides of the ring and fiddle the lustrous feathers as they await the signal to begin, when the birds will fight desperately to exhaustion and beyond.

"Oui," bates the umpire.

The birds are released. To my amazement, in an instant they shape up like two boxers. Feet apart, a ring of feathers blinding from outstretched necks, eyes bursting with hatred, they move about each other.

After several feints, the black has a hold on the brown's scutell, naked neck. With beaking wings he invariably makes murderous, downward swoops with his needle-sharp spurs.

The brown counters cleverly, and with tearing spurs draws blood as he carries the other off balance for a moment.

The spectators roar approval, each segment of the crowd shouting advice to its fancy.

"Pole" (kill), is the dominant cry.

They're clever, these two cocks, so amazingly, evenly matched that the fight will not be soon over. They

forever circle with necks locked, each seeking the fatal hold on the back of the neck.

The black pcks viciously, and gets a fine hold. He flings his wings to bring his ripping spurs high to deal out terrific punishment. The brown recedes from the onslaught, his neck and head gory. They are gone, these two birds, instrumenting. They are circling again. The brown gets his mafe-like neck under the black's wing. From there he gets the effective back of the neck held and quickly administered cruel punishment.

"Pole mort" (put out his eye), caulkily howls the crowd. It seems almost as though the dumb birds understand, for the other recedes and one eye is obviously blind. He scurries round the ring.

"Pole mort" (he can't see) glares the yelling crowd. But the blinded bird is not done. He rights his opponent with his good eye, and moves into position. Neck is crooked and circling begins again. Confident now, the brown flattens in the air and tries hard to deal the knockout blow. But he has sustained a fracture. The black catches him off balance. He has now a fine hold, and forces the other's head to the gravel. Then his flashing spurs deal out horrible punishment.

I take my eyes for a moment from the bloody battle, and watch the spectators. The slit-eyed eye of Oriental, glint with satisfaction at the blood feast. Less demonstrative than the Tahitians, but somehow more crud, seem the Chinese with slant narrow eyes set in round, inexpressive faces. The Tahitians jump and yell with joy as ripping spurs and tearing beaks, find their mark.

1

"I WAS looking through my old and battered copy of 'Alice in Wonderland' the other day, when a crumpled cheque fell out and lay at my feet. This on the top left was the date, May 14th, 1933. At the bottom was my father's signature in his firm, elaborate handwriting. Pay to the order of the Master Superior, \$1.25, signed John Metz." read the cheque, drawn on the First National Bank of Scranton, Pa. I picked it up and, reading this in what is definitely the smaller apartment in Hollywood, I felt again the presence of the black-ribbed man opposite and the thoughts for a small girl stored in an old purse, running the scales. I wasn't Liviebith Scott then, I was that small girl, a kid named Bessie Metz."

From *PHOTOPLAY*, the world's first motion picture magazine.

As the fight progresses so the roar of the crowd increases.

The air is a fable of Chinese and Tahitian, intermingled now and then with a sharp exclamation in French. With blood-dripping heads and gapping beaks, the cocks continue to spar, peck, and spar. Their movements become slower and slower as they tire. They fight more cautiously, more deliberately. One sign of increased strength may now turn the cruelly close battle.

The brown fends cleverly. Suddenly he seems a whithehead of fury—he has the black by the neck, this time it seems as a death hold. Again and again he brings his rapping spurs into the weaker man than in his opponent's neck and head. The black bird desperately counters. Strength is leaving the other, and he in turn takes terrible punishment. Slowly he sinks to the ground. Wings outstretched, legs skinned, scarred neck and head with one eye hanging by a piece of skin, he presents a hideous picture. With beak gapeing for breath I felt

sure the spark of life is passing from him.

The crows, now a howling ring of hububists, already proclaim the black as winner. The black just manages to prop himself sufficiently to keep upright. But he is past interest in his battered opponent.

Grinning and exultant, his owner picks him up, feeds him and smoothes the blood-wetted, rampled feathers.

The impure points to the owner of the gaudy bird. He asks if he is through. The bandy-legged Chinese owner beckons him back. He picks up the cock.

The Chinese places the cock on the ground, and several spectators try to crowd in on him, but the singer motions them back.

The half-blinded bird manages to stay on his wobbling legs. The black is once more placed in position, but they both are beyond interest in the fight and merely prop themselves, grasping for air and life.

The brown with a superhuman effort and flapping of wings, suddenly delivers a vicious sideways swipe. The

air from the howling spectators is terrific. The fight is over.

The black lies on the dirt as still as death, and died I thought he was. The bow-legged Chinese whoops with delight, picks up his cock and adumbrates mouthfuls of coconut milk.

The utterly exhausted cocks are placed under a running tap. Blood is roughly wiped from hideous neck and head. The birds are placed on the ground beneath a banana palm and forgotten.

Fresh birds take the forefront in the plated coconut-frond ring.

Five more bloody fights were waged that sunny Sunday afternoon, such as horrible as the first. Some of the game little cocks were bled, one was killed, but all were cruelly wounded.

During the intermissions the spectators gorged themselves with sweet corn, luscious, juicy mangoes, ice-cream and coconut milk sold by an enterprising Chinese from a stall.

No, I did not visit the cock-fights again. One gory spectacle is usually enough to satisfy the most blood-thirsty European.

"Macau" is illegal within the precincts of Papeete Town, but why worry about the envoys. The Chinese and Tahitian went the shrill of the greatest sport—the French authorities were apathetic. The police never bother to prosecute outside Papeete town.

Any day, if you visit some of the township backyards, you'll see patient Chinese, or fun-loving Tahitians training and preparing the fighting cocks.

For hours the birds are managed,

legs puffed, necks stretched. The cock is raised into the air with a twist to help strengthen the legs and feet, and to teach him to gain balance quickly. He is successively oscillated for minutes at a time, and daily washed under a tap.

The spot is mud from the sea, and the game cock is subjected by the self-possessing man-attend, to a life of torture from early childhood.

When your ship steams through the white masking reef at Tahiti, and you hold your breath as you behold for the first time the magnificent mountains spreading their verdure down the beautiful valleys to the sea, remember that all is not beautiful in those enchanting valleys. The blood-baths of the cock fights take place in those same green valleys every Sunday afternoon.

THE  
PUGILIST  
MAGAZINE  
EDITOR

OUT  
FOR  
TEN  
SECONDS



## Road to NOWHERE

*Every man who crossed the bridge disappeared. Many corpses were found.*

EVERY now and then the public is shocked by the spectacle of a murderer come west. Of such murderer-murders one of the most astonishing, in my opinion, is the case of the vanishing wayfarers on Mill Creek Bridge.

Never man had ridden or walked over that bridge and never been heard from again. Searching parties had failed to find any evidence of quadrumvir. The only thing that was known was that from time to time somebody walked or rode across the mysterious bridge and was swallowed up as if by the sea.

A tenth victim was added to the list when Henry Basman, a local farmer, called up the sheriff to report that one of his neighbors, Fred Kueckemann, had crossed Mill Creek

Bridge and—no, he hadn't vanished—but he had been dispossessed from his home and killed. An accident? Well, there was something about it—Fred was going to his home in Rock Island for a few days. He told me he was taking the shortest way, over the Mill Creek Road.

The sheriff recalled that on September 17 another farmhand, John Lauberbach, had taken the same short cut to Rock Island in order to save time, and had never been seen again.

"I loaned Kueckemann a horse to make the trip," Basman went on to tell. "A little while after he had left, the horse came back with one broken stirrup, and some fresh blood on the tail. I was afraid something had happened to Fred. I'll admit

that I didn't like going over that road. But I thought it was my duty, so I hitched up another team and found him there."

The sheriff looked closely at the broken stirrup that was still attached to the dead man's left boot, and turned to the coroner. The coroner looked at the stirrup, then he examined the body. He shook his head.

"This was no accident," he said. "He was beaten with some heavy instrument, possibly an axe or thick club."

There wasn't a particle of dirt on the stirrup. When a man is thrown by a horse and dragged along the road there is sure to be some dirt on the stirrup and this was a muddy, soggy road. Fred Kueckemann had been murdered.

Who killed Fred Kueckemann, and why? There was no money in the dead man's pockets. Robbery? Basman told the sheriff that he had paid off Kueckemann before he left. That was eighty dollars, and he may have had other money on him, too. "It's the usual custom to pay a man before he leaves," he remarked. "My master saw me give him the money. I guess everyone around knew about the vacation," Basman added.

Everyone knew, then everyone was a suspect. But every farmer from round about was gathered there at the moment, offering suggestions and trying to be helpful. Everyone, that is, except me. The sheriff noticed my absence. Harry Mase, Basman's nearest neighbor, who had been very helpful when John Lauberbach disappeared, was conspicuous that day by his absence. He decided to have a talk with Harry Mase.

Proceeding along the main high-

way bordering Mase's farm, the sheriff stopped short. There in the middle of the road lay a man's black umbrella with a gold handle. The handle was covered with more blood stains. Was this the murder weapon?

Mrs. Mase met him at the door. She was greatly disturbed, inquiring in a quavering voice if the sheriff had come to tell her something about Harry.

"He's been gone since four o'clock this morning," she cried. "I'm terribly worried. I know something has happened to him, something like what happened to all those others."

"Was he carrying an umbrella?" the sheriff asked.

"Yes," Mrs. Mase sobbed.

Fred Kueckemann had been murdered, probably with this same stout gold-handled umbrella, at about four o'clock that morning. The sheriff looked grave as he explained the circumstances to Mrs. Mase. What was Harry doing up and around at four o'clock in the morning?

"I'll tell you," Mrs. Mase explained. "For years he's been trying to find out who's responsible for all these men disappearing, particularly John Lauberbach."

So—what was he doing up at four o'clock in the morning, the sheriff wanted to know.

"To dig," replied Mrs. Mase. "He got up at that time three or four mornings a week to dig in the ground at various places on both sides of the Mill Creek bridge, in the hope that he'd find John's body. He was sure he had been murdered."

"And where did he get that idea?"

"From Klein Sengel," Mrs. Mase replied. "Klein told him

that he had seen someone burying bodies near there."

The sheriff shook his head sadly. Klein Stengel, he knew, was regarded by everybody as a kind of harmless half-wit.

"What was Harry wearing when he left this morning?" the sheriff asked.

"It was an eccentricity of my husband's to wear a light coat, sweater or overcoat," she replied. "Another, was to carry an umbrella no matter how far the weather."

The sheriff knew of these two eccentricities of Mason's. So did everybody else in the vicinity. Henry Winters, a farmer who lived near the Mill Creek Bridge, knew of Harry's eccentricities and remembered them when the sheriff questioned him. He had heard a horse going over the mystery bridge early that morning and gotten a glimpse of the rider. It was Harry Mason, he said.

From all indications it was Harry Mason, all right. The sheriff issued orders to assemble a posse and go in search of the missing Mason. Just then he spied a young man in the crowd. It was Klein Stengel, the village idiot.

"Klein," the sheriff whistled, "I saw a body buried. I bet you didn't."

The blank face showed a trace of excitement.

"I did, too," he whispered back. "I saw a man buried—in the graveyard, this morning."

"I don't believe it," the sheriff said. "Show me where."

Klein led the way to the cemetery which adjoined Henry Winters' farm. He was trembling with fear

as he led the way to one of the graves. The sheriff knew that grave well.

It was the grave of Elmer Clayton, who had been buried there in proper order more than a month before. But a closer look revealed something odd about it. The casket did in fact look as if it had been freshly turned up again.

He looked down and started to sweep up the dirt with his hands. His hand touched something! He drew back with a start.

When more of the dirt had been cleared away, there lay the dead body of—Harry Mason!

Harry Mason had been murdered with his own umbrella. And the murderer had left the umbrella where it would cast suspicion on Mason himself.

There was one interesting thing about the case, however. Mason was not wearing an overcoat when he was found in the grave. The killer, whoever he was, had removed the overcoat and worn it himself when he rode back across the bridge. That was when Henry Winters spied him and took him for Mason. Obviously the killer wanted to be mistaken for Mason. That means that he was a local man, somebody who was familiar with Mason's eccentricities.

Going over the files on all the men who had disappeared over the Mill Creek Bridge, the sheriff discovered another startling fact. Every one of the nine men had at one time or another worked for the same farmer. And the farmer was Harry Bastian.

When the sheriff returned to the Bastian farm, Harry was burning logs in the incinerator. They had

burned down with cholera, he explained, when the sheriff asked him what he was doing.

"Do they bleed when they have cholera?" the sheriff asked.

"Bleed? Of course not. What gives you that idea?"

"I got that idea because there's blood in the buggy in which you carried the dead hog down to the incinerator," the sheriff said. "I found fresh blood, also, on the floor of the barn under a pile of straw. And why was it necessary to put a blanket over a dead hog? Was it a hog you wanted in concert; or was it a dead man?"

Bastian made a menacing move but he stopped when he saw the sheriff's hand go to the hilt of his gun. While poised, Bastian demanded, did the sheriff have to back up his suspicions.

"Harry Mason's body is all the proof we need!" the sheriff replied. "He undoubtedly suspected you all along. You discovered him digging for his nephew's grave and you killed him. That gave you two bodies to dispose of, his and Fred Knudsen's. You buried Mason in the Clayton grave. Then you evidently conceived the idea of the accident to

Knudsen. You piled Knudsen's body in the buggy and drove to Mill Creek Bridge. Then you threw his body to the side of the road and attached part of a broken strap to his foot.

"You snuck back to the barn, got the horse you said you loaned Fred, put on Mason's overcoat and rode back over the bridge . . . Then you turned the horse loose to find his way back to the barn. A rather comical plot, but a clever one, Harry, only it didn't."

A sudden change of wind blew the smoke from the incinerator in the sheriff's eyes. At this point Bastian bolted and fled. The sheriff fired but Bastian was out of sight by this time. A posse was quickly rounded up and later that night Harry Bastian was found. He had hanged himself to a rafter in a neighbor's barn.

For weeks afterwards shells and bones were dug up all over the place. Bastian had buried a certain crime wave, a monstrous matador named. And his names? Who knows? Maybe it was to get back the money he had paid in wages to his furnished victims.





## FATHER tells HIS SON

Traditions of French chivalry bring up a flourishing Australian business.

OF the de Tous family, not one now is alive in Australia. The story of how the six daughters came to be married and scattered through France and America, and of how the sea met his death, is a curiously another story. This chronicle will how an adored father almost became the murderer of his adored son.

Years before Hugh D. McIntosh built the Stadium at Randwick Bay, I boarded for a few months at a quiet hotel adjacent to the park. The hotel is now converted into a block of flats. Pierre de Tous (that name is the only bit of fiction in this story), related his half-dozen daughters literally with a rod of iron. For he had lost his hand in an explosion when he was an officer on board a French battleship in the Medi-

terranean. To the stump was attached an iron hook, apparently useless except for waving ferociously during his frequent fits of Gallic rage. The girls would flee to their bedrooms until Hortense, the eldest daughter, who acted as maid and who was the only one ever to dare face the father when he was in a tantrum, would call out in French, "The storm is over." Her sisters, or rather half-sisters, would then unlock their doors, come out and go about their duties.

Pierre de Tous also had a son, young Pierre, a handsome strapping of nineteen years, with chestnut-colored auburn hair, bright brown eyes and full red lips. Old Pierre, who was shaped young Pierre, had been four times a widower. That is to say, he

had had four wives, three of whom he had maintained honorably in diverse parts of the world. In his fiftieths moments, he used to pretend that he could never make sure which daughter was the offspring of which wife . . . but of young Pierre he used to say, "My son is the son of Marie, and my Marie was the most beautiful and the most loving wife any man ever had." He forgot to mention that he had found his Marie from an Algiers bazaar with stories of the future wealth of the de Tous when their ancestral name had been narrowed to them. Marie gave birth to young Pierre in Sydney and a few months later slipped with an Indian master who was touring Australia. She left a note for old Pierre, the sense of which in English was, "I believe your de Tous chateau is a castle in Spain and I do not relish being married, the chateaux of a fifteenth Australian pub." The daughters raised the baby, helped to spoil him, and now that he was near manhood, will wait on him hand and foot.

Pierre junior never worked. While the daughters, from Hortense the eldest, to Lucile the youngest, constituted the hard-working staff of the hotel, young Pierre's only regular duty was to converse in French every morning with his father, as they sat on the rear veranda overlooking the bay. Old Pierre had a muddled idea that his son would some day go to France and occupy the de Tous ancestral chateau after sundry nescient legal difficulties had been overcome. Hence his insistence on young Pierre—and the daughters, too—always speaking French during family parleys.

Young Pierre dressed well and always had money in his pocket. He was seldom home before midnight and by the time he was nineteen had earned among his cronies, an envied reputation as a successful amorous. When some conventional busybody brought to the father the story of the son's first *épouse de cœur*, the old man shook his snowy locks and roared with laughter. Young Pierre was then sixteen. His father delighted in every manner of a fresh conquest.

Suddenly the young fellow became aaceous anarchist. Rastily did he go outside the hotel. For a few weeks his father did not seek his confidence. But one moonlit summer night, as the gloomy youth slumped on a bench on the rear veranda, listlessly fiddling his father's pet monkey, a savage little pug who would allow no one, except the de Tous, father and son, to handle him, old Pierre came out from the deserted bar and sat on the bench. For a few minutes he was quite silent and then suddenly he began his oration. Here an English is the gut of the conversation, as I heard it that night through the open window of my bedroom.

"My son, what ails you?"

"I am in love, my father."

"But that is no reason for sadness. You have been in love many times on these fair these years."

"She does not love me."

"Who is she?"

"She is a dancer at Harry Rickard's theatre."

"My god! And why will she not love you?"

"I do not know. She laughs at me."

"Ah, bien! Perhaps your old

### ALL THAT GLITTERS IS GOLD TO JANIE.

Janie's a girl who's truly smart,  
With housework, her hands  
she's not lacking,  
Unlike Mary, and Martha, and  
Anne, too.  
She goes along fine without  
working.  
For Janie, you see, is the gold-  
digging type,  
In spite of her countenance  
weak.  
No matron's old budget brings  
funds to her toybox,  
For Janie gets paid by the  
Week.

calls on his father's finances. The old man stood up to it gallantly while he could. The revenue from the hotel was badly depleted. At last the old man was forced to tell his son that the "affair" must cease.

There was peace in the de Tourn household for two months. Young Pierre even settled down to serving in the bar occasionally. But business grew steadily worse. The real heel was winning the contest for success.

The father banked his money only once a week. The takings during each week were kept in a big cash box which the old man hid under a pile of linens in his bedroom wardrobe. The money was banked every Monday morning.

One Saturday night, after the bar had been closed at 11 p.m., loud yells from the old man's bedroom brought three or four of his daughters running to discover what was the matter. They found their father, his eyes rolling, as he held the empty cash box, open, in his right hand, and dashed the air with his hook.

"I have been robbed!" he screamed. "Twenty pounds gone! Do any of you know anything?" Gleaming madly, he advanced towards them, the hook upraised. They fled together, terrified, to the doorway. Horrified bravely walked into the room.

"I believe you," he said. In a dull tone he asked, "Where is Pierre?"

"He went to town immediately after dinner," said Horrified.

"Not a word to him when he returns," he commanded. "Go to your rooms." As they retreated, they

heard him mutter in agony, "My god, my god, a son to rob his father. It is too much. I shall kill him!"

Again terrified, the daughters fled to their rooms. Half an hour later they heard their brother staggering through the hallway. Suddenly his father appeared in the passage with a lighted candle in his good hand.

"Come into my room, Pierre." He spoke quietly but there was a menace in his voice that instantly abetted the young fellow. Trembling, the son followed his father into the bedroom. The door closed. What falsehood was told me by Horrified, who had raked up courage enough to enter into the hallway and knock on the door.

"So. You are a thief. You have stolen twenty pounds from your own father to waste on that worthless dancer."

"No, father."

"What! You would lie to me! Good-for-nothing pup, you are no son of mine. I am going to kill you."

The daughter crouching at the door was too horrified to move. She

heard her half brother pleading for his life. She heard her father shout curses at his son. Then old de Tourn suddenly whispered.

"Do not die, my son, with a lie on your lips. Tell me the truth. You took the money?"

"Yes, father."

"After promising me to give up that hussy?"

"But I did not spend a cent on her, indeed."

"Hal! Then on whom?"

"On a French girl who has come to dance at the Trocadero."

There was a long silence before the old man spoke, very mildly.

"That is a different matter, my son. You are forgiven. But for the future you must not steal. You must come to me and you shall have whatever can be afforded. Now tell me . . . what is she like? . . . ?"

Within five minutes the daughter heard her father laughing heartily, as young Pierre in a low tone gave him his confidences.

Horrified went quickly back to bed. The danger was past. There would be no murder.



"Father can help you. Perhaps what she wants is gifts. Present her with a bracelet—a pendant—a necklace."

"And the money?"

"You shall have it. Paul! Shall a de Tourn be thwarted in his intentions?"

The following night young Pierre rolled very drunk and very happy through the back entrance of the hotel and stumbled up the stairs. It was long after midnight, but the doting father had waked up. He was sitting in a small parlour and was drinking absinthe. Eagerly he called his son into the room. Young Pierre blushed at him as he stepped in the doorway. In the distance I could hear every word through the partition that separated my room from the parlour. A few swift questions, and the old man had learned that the dancer had accepted a bracelet and had stepped with the handsome young French-Australian.

For a month, young Pierre was in heaven. His place in heaven, however, was kept warm only by repeated



# A LIFE on the OCEAN FLOOR

MARIE J. FANNING

A WOMAN and her small daughter sat close together on the lower deck, their hands tightly clasped. Near them were two men, a schoolboy, three women. They all were holiday clothes, for it was a tourist-bound ferry. In the forward cabin there were many people. A man sat with his back to the wall his reading glasses resting on his nose and a newspaper on his knees. Two young girls of seventeen or eighteen were in a little group with two boys of the same age. One of the boys had a cigarette on his knee and his arm was around the girl next to him. There were young women, elderly women, businessmen on holiday, children. A man sat with his gold watch in his hand, but he wasn't looking at the time. No one was moving or speaking or smiling. All these people were dead.

The ferry, an old jagged, creaked vessel, rested on the bottom of the

Recovering the "Glyciflffe" dead was only one of many underwater jobs

sea. It had been sudden. First, the沉寂的 aspect, the sound of tearing and grinding as the ferry was cut in half, then its unbelievably swift disappearance beneath the water.

This was the tragic sinking of the "Glyciflffe," in Sydney harbour in 1937, when it had been struck by the liner, "Takao." There were survivors. Passengers jumped from the decks before the vessel went down, and some of them managed to float or swim until they were picked up by the rescue boats that hurriedly put out from the mainland. But there had been no escape for those trapped in the debris nor for those who had only just reached the decks as the ship went under.

Although it is over twenty years since the "Glyciflffe" tragedy, Bill Harris, one of the two divers sent down to recover the bodies of these people within a few hours of the disaster, has never forgotten the grim

memorable scene that awaited him.

Now 76-year-old and living in quiet retirement after 40 strenuous years of diving, Mr. Harris says that the "Glyciflffe" job was the most nerve-wrecking of any he tackled. It took two full days to get all the bodies out.

To be a successful diver, a man must be strong and healthy, have good powers of endurance, and he is, of necessity, a perfect-mast material. The average life of a diver is not a long one, frequently his lungs are permanently affected by the constant pressure of the water in which he is immersed. Bill Harris, however, has survived radical illnesses and sterility by his obvious good health and robustness after so many years of continual diving.

Harris did not become a diver until he was 26. He started work at 13 in a Newcastle shipyard, but at 20 he went to Queensland and spent six years doing odd jobs as labouring and carpentering. While working on a bridge over the Flinders River, Harris was "dared" into becoming a diver. The engineer in charge was worried because the diver he had engaged had not arrived. The work had to go on, so he called for volunteers. No one seemed anxious to go into the water. He asked Harris. Harris said, "No."

After the engineer had left them, Sherry, Harris's mate said:

"Gawd, you've scared! Why don't you try it?"

Harris didn't hesitate. He went after the engineer.

"All right, I'll do it," he told him. "But only on the condition that Sherry goes down first!"

Sherry went first, but he didn't like it. Harris went down and by the time he came up again he had made up his mind he was going to be a diver. Harris then passed the Maritime Services Board at Sydney and worked with this body until his retirement at 63.

A diver knows that danger lurks at the bottom of the sea. Every time he descends into the watery depths, he wonders just how close it will come to him and in what form. It might be a ferocious fish, a jagged rock or a tangled lifetime. His only protection is his own wits and a long, sharp-pointed spear.

Harris has had many escapes, some of them bordering on close to disaster, but his diving motto gave him the name of "Lucky Bill Harris."

At one time he had gone down from a small vessel anchored near North Head in Sydney Harbour to recover a section of pipe. The tide was running strong but the water was clear. Harris had just located the pipe and was about to signal for a rope when he saw an enormous shark approaching. It was about 16 feet in length. Harris knew he had to swim to get to the surface, so he stripped where he was. The shark came nearer, staring at the diver uncertainly.

For a moment it hesitated, then swam slowly past him. It wasn't a pleasant experience, but a few seconds later Harris had signalled for the rope to continue his work.

"You don't think me hard about things like that when you've got a job to do," Harris said. "You have a narrow sheet, but you've just got to forget about it."

A portion of Darling Harbour was

### BIOGRAPHY OF A POET.

The poet lived in friendless poverty,  
Sickled and unknown, but seeking love,  
Which ever beckoned on a guiding flame  
Beyond his wilderness of silence.  
His sweetest songs of subtle phantom  
He gave this world, then passed to dreams,  
Nor did they hold a thought deserving blame.  
So perfect was their flowing harmony.  
The world received them, at a single bound,  
Speaking their failure, casting their needs  
As worthless fare for it to contemplate.  
But when the broken man sought peace in death,  
The world conceived his worth, and mourned, and cried,  
"Behold! He is immortal!"—all too late!

being cleared with a gash-dredge a few years ago. Harris was in charge of operations below the surface. As he stooped to shift some rubble, the dredge came too close and cut the pipe from his helmet. Harris was knocked to the ground, but he managed to roll over and pick up the end of pipe. This he held into position on his helmet and pulled himself to his feet. He signalled for his line to be pulled up, but it had slackened and became entangled with the dredge. The signal wasn't received.

Harris knew there was only one chance for him. He hung on to the pipe, loosened the valve on his helmet to increase the flow of air, and blew himself to the surface like a cork.

A diver's wardrobe is a weighty affair. He does first a suit of blanket flannel weighing 7 lbs. Leads with a total weight of 48 lbs. are then attached to his chest and back to keep him on his feet and to lower him into the water. His cossack and helmet weigh 21 lbs. and his boots

35 lbs. When a diver disappears into the water, he is carrying just on 1 cwt. of gear and clothing.

A fan diameter life-line is connected from the diver's helmet to a hydrometer pump above the surface, and the pressure of air pumped is at the rate of half a pound per square inch to every foot of water.

Where the depth of water is not too great, divers can stay for lengthy periods under the water. Harris and other divers have worked continually for eighteen hours, pumping portmanteau at the forty wharves in Sydney with only fifteen minute breaks in every two hours. They would be in 100 ft. of water. With a depth of 50 to 100 feet, a diver must come to the surface gradually and in several stages, because of the heavy pressure. He sometimes takes 30 to 60 minutes

Bill Harris said the most spectacular under-water scenery he came across was in the vicinity of Nelson's Point. Here the water is clear above a rocky bottom. There are deep gorges with a drop of 25 or 30 feet,

8 feet in width, and with marine growth covering the high walls. There is also a number of small caves measuring 6 ft. across the entrance and extending 10 or 12 feet. Fish are plentiful here, and whenever he was in this region, Harris was able to put his spear to good use. Once he speared a 24 lb. Jew fish. On another occasion he came across a 50 lb. shark asleep between two rocks.

A wide variety of articles has been recovered by Diver Harris from the floor of the sea. Among them have been anchors, masts, gunnery and jewellery, cases of whisky and sardines. Some years ago he was going down to recover a pair-lead of timber in Black Watch Bay, when a man approached him and said he had lost a full set of false teeth near the wharf three weeks before. Harris wasn't too hopeful of finding them, but he agreed to look. He searched the sand near the wharf for ten

minutes and when he came up he had the teeth.

Harris has worked with the police on several occasions. He received an urgent call one day to bring his gear to Cook's River. The police were waiting when he got there. A man suspected of being the ring-leader in a large scale rum forgery, had been chased along the river bank, had been shot, but the police could catch up with him, however, he had taken something from his pocket and thrown it into the water. Harris went down, and by groping around the spot indicated to him, he was able to retrieve the naked plane that had been used in the throwing of the notes.

Although he is 76, Bill Harris is still an active man. He is asked frequently for his steps for a long and healthy life. His reply never varies.

"Good living and plenty of beer," he says with a grin.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS



## UNCLE MIKE BOWS OUT

*Boxing went high-high, made millions of dollars. Uncle Mike went with it.*

THE careers of Phineas T. Barnum

and Michael Strauss Jacobs are separated by almost a century, but in the case of each, the pattern of life was woven with ballyhoo; but where it took Barnum a couple of fortunes to earn the title of the World's Greatest Showman, Uncle Mike gained the distinction without even approaching nodding acquaintance with the ballyhoo.

For Jacobs, in addition to being a genius of promotion, learnt many a long year ago that it takes exactly 100 cents to make a dollar, and the knowledge has remained with him even though his promotion ventures run into a figure comparable with the Australian National Debt. Mike, with Tex Rickard, is regarded as the

co-partner of the Million Dollar Gate, and, also like Tex, much of his success has been due to an uncanny ability to recognize boxing talent in anybody as Rickard was to Dempsey, Jacobs has been to Leon.

No one is more aware of this than Mike himself—a consciousness that probably prompted him to announce last January that he would retire from boxing promotion after the return Louis-Walsh bout.

"Joe and I," he said, "are going to bow out together."

It is almost impossible to talk about Mike Jacobs without mentioning Rickard, for it is generally agreed that Jacobs was the financial genius behind Rickard's success.

The two men first met when Tex,

in an effort to advertise the mining town of Goldfield in Nevada, organized the boozing entrepreneurs of the day by staging the night-after-Gam and Nelson bout. A novice in the promotion field, he ballyhooed the match so ably that the gate receipts covered a round for a boxing match up to that time; and Mike, already possessed of a hankering for boxing and a still greater love of ballyhoo, saw in Tex's methods an opportunity to add to his own then considerable fortune. They became fast friends, and between them promoted four boxing events in which the contestants combined over one million dollars for the privilege of witnessing title bouts. In each, the manager was Dempsey, his opponents being Carpenter, Farpo, and Tunney, the latter twice.

When Rickard died in 1930, he left behind two very tangible mementos to his organizing ability—the roughty Madison Square Garden, and Mike Jacobs.

The Garden, caught in the depression, failed to prosper, but Mike Jacobs carefully rode the storm until the arrival of better days. Mike's success has not been the result of a college education, for schooling was a strictly incidental feature of his youth.

One of 10 children, his parents were German-Jewish immigrants who with complete ignorance of Irish clanship, took up residence in a part of New York that was traditionally reserved for exiles from the Old Sod.

The youthful Jacobs was consequently early indoctrinated in the street-fighting game, and although it is not recorded that he achieved outstanding success in that field, it is

certain that the acumen bred in him a certain initiative that has been helpful in his later career.

He went to work for a boss as soon as he was legally able to leave school, and because it worried him to realize that for every pound he earned his boss earned many more, he decided to become the exclusive owner of his own energies. He started by selling tickets to the Coney Island sideshows—not, however, at the recognized points of disposal, but at subway entrances in New York City. Small vendors mad at this being persecuted, sought municipal protection, and an edict was issued that tickets henceforward must be issued only from booths.

Mike overcame this obstacle by equipping his stall with portable booths of light cardboard. This innovation not only beat the edict, but enabled his sellers to make a quick getaway from mobs who believed in more direct methods than municipal control.

Next, he secured booking rights at Coney Island, and such was the appetite of pleasure-seekers that when Jacobs was still on the right side of 30, he was reportedly making Island over half a million dollars. But ticket breaking was still in his blood, and he had learnt, further more, that the average New Yorker was keen on seeing any spectacle when tickets were apparently impossible to secure. Thus, by buying up most of the tickets for sporting and theatrical functions, he was able to raise their price to a point where they became extremely desirable to the masses. He applied a new version to the large-scale ticket scalping years later when, having taken

THESE fighters having been seen all over the world came to be panted up by owners, men of these foreign, some of whom stage, in the case, in a Colombian city, a horseholder who is subject to nightmares advertised in the local paper offering men and horses to a couple who would not object to sleeping in the night. Before dawn the next morning the elephant ring, and a women's fighters' voice came over the wire: "We just read your ad in the morning paper," she said. "Tell me, just how often would you repeat our services?"

over the control of the Madison Square Garden, he, as Mike Jacobs of the Garden sold the most advantageous seats to Mike Jacobs, ticket broker, so that even the earliest-comers were unable to secure entry except at greatly inflated prices.

He is proud of the fact that he once sold for £1,000 a pair of seats for the opera season which he had bought earlier for £200.

His debut as a boxing promoter was in 1933 when he secured the right to put on for charity a contest between Barney Ross and Billy Petrelli. This annual charity bout is considered to be one of the choicer promotional ménages, for the trustees of the charity are broadminded enough to realize that no man can produce such artistic extravagances without certain promotional expenses.

The only flaw in the arrangement, as far as Jacobs was concerned, was that he lacked a stadium at which to stage the contest. Then was born the Twentieth-Century Sporting Club an organization in which shows

are held exclusively by Michael Simeon Jacobs, and the offices of which were for some time under Jacobs' hat. The club secured the Bronx Coliseum as its arena and Mike, never a man to spod a show for the sake of a dollar, ensured the success of the contest by nonpareilly managing, also, the only other two arenas in the vicinity at which competitive events might be held.

Later, he moved on to the New York Hippodrome, where he promoted boxing, wrestling, roller and ice skating, tennis, hockey, and musical shows. His ambition, obviously, was to break the monopoly held by the Garden on such events.

In the meantime, with that notorious flair for picking women, he had signed up a fighter whom he had never seen in action, but who was later to become the greatest matay-sawer in the history of boxing.

The fighter was Joe Louis.

It was the same Jacobs who snatched Louis into his world's championship by refusing to recognize Schmeling's prior right to meet Boosdack—a bit of skull draggering that sent the German home in a huff, to just recognition by most of the European countries as the champion. It was Jacobs who organized those same countries, when they had almost completed arrangements for a title-fight between Schmeling and Tommy Farr, by offering the Englishman double the indemnity to box Louis for the title in America. It was Jacobs, too, who was most mortified, apart from Louis, when the German surprisingly robbed the Bomber of his glance by defeating him at their first meeting; and it was in keeping with the Jacobs' lack

that Joe became a bigger drawcard than ever when in their return match, the German was annihilated in the first round.

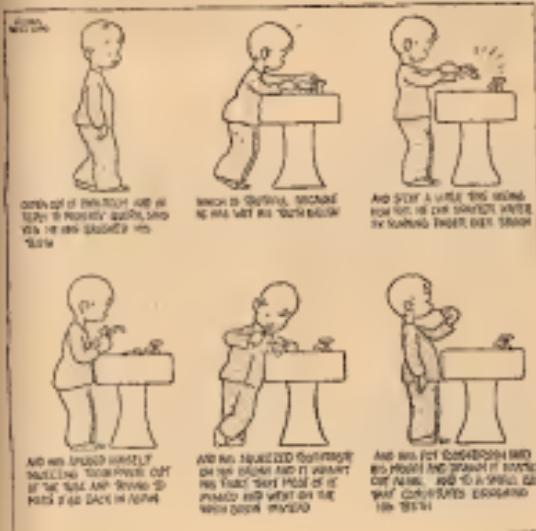
In short, what Richard had performed for Dempsey, Jacobs had done for Louis.

Tough as an antagonist as he is in the promotional field, the sharp-voiced, garrulous-eyed Jacobs is considered to be an easy "beach" by gamblers because and thinkers down on their luck. But he never gives money, rarely lends it—and the man

who doesn't kick back gets no more loans.

Mike Jacobs lives unpretentiously with his wife, and has no hobbies, except promoting fights for money, keeping dogs, and following the career of Joe Louis.

The latter hobby is probably the one on which he is these days known; that is why, perhaps, he and Joe will bow out together. When that happens, see of the colorful leaders of sport will become a legend.



# EXPERIENCE

IN ITALY



Soldiers going into battle were told  
why for an enemy child's delivery.

CEDRIC MENTPLAY.

"YOU say shadows make me tired," trumpeted Dave, slumping his shoulders down on the table with a controlled violence which almost spilled the few remaining drops. "You talk as if my country boys are a bunch of morons that don't even know the facts of life. Where'd you get the know-all stuff from—standing in queues for smokes? Any cow-docky could run rings round you if it came to dealing with a really vital problem!"

Dave relaxed. His easy going grin spread again over his large red face. "My mouth I can," he declared. "And for that last crack of his, the drinks are on Shorty."

Well, as you know, began Dave, I did my hitch with the Kow, and with a needless bottleneck at that. Most of those bokos knew more than the average office boy or corner jambler about which end of a cow gets up first; but as a typical yokel one was outstanding.

He was large, awkward, and slow-moving, and he used to wander round swinging his army boots as if they weighed a ton or carried a load of

topsoil. This and his embittered good humour marked him for attention by our pan-in-the-neck of a drill sergeant, who was one of the battle-scarred veterans.

The sergeant's best art, when our cubber had lumbered through more evolution a couple of months behind the platoon, was to put on a Simple Simon grin and plod around in front of us, hanging onto the handles of an imaginary plough, and bellowing, "Hah, ha! I'm a cow-docky, I am. Fresh off the range. One foot in the funeral!" It was funny, no, if you were for that sort of thing.

After a few repetitions, our newest recruit was permanently dubbed "Cow-docky." His full name was somewhere in the records, of course; but among ranks in a platoon you tend to forget even names. By the time the African show was finished and the Italian adventure was well under way Cow-docky's official handle had been lost in history. Strangely enough, nobody seemed to like the name than Cow-docky.

It was getting along towards the winter of '44 when we cracked through Roman and out into the plain. We thought we were right, but the weather beat us. The brittle, deeply ditched Italian fields turned to a black, treacherous mud in which the tanks belled down and the four-wheel drive jobs sank to both difficulties. A cold, cutting wind came howling in from the Adriatic, bringing with it soaking, horizontal sheets of rain. With Jerry zooming every ditch, it looked as if we would be there till the spring.

On one such lousy day, Cow-docky and a cubber were clamping across a soldier field with the rain beating on

their m1 hats and gas caps. They were on a plank-hunting expedition, but I think Cow-docky had organized it just to enjoy the honest feel of six inches of goo clinging to his boot soles.

Suddenly they heard a mousing noise coming from under a hedge-row. Headed in a ditch, and getting what protection she could from the water, was the shapeless form of a woman. She was speechless, but her white face was contorted with pain. Drawing their evidence from scattered shell holes in the paddock, the boys reached for their field dressings and helped this emergency.

"Help!" exploded Cow-docky. "This ain't a Jerry job! The sergeant's gonna have a family—right here and now, by the look of it! She certainly picked a crook hole!"

The other Dug, a guy type, moved white about the gills. A shell-plaster wound had no nerves for him—but that was something again.

"Whoa—I'll run for the doc," he stammered. "We've got to do something! Get her under cover! She ain't—" "Huh."

"Pipe down!" commanded Cow-docky. "There's no time for that. Family's on the way. Give us your gas-cap."

"Bum-bum—" grappled the guy man, straggling out of his cap.

"It's over to us," said Cow-docky calmly. "I don't know much about women, but I've helped dung along in lambing season, and calving. People's the same. Give us a head with 'em, and slip this gas cap underneath. Can't drop the little blank in the road."

## DISILLUSION

I sought a prize before my heart grew old.  
And lived in high ambition's fancy  
Of cherished hopes for those sweet hours to be  
When destiny would robe desire in gold.  
While the fair peals in twit progression rolled,  
Each day awakened brighter hopes in me.  
Until my mind the glowing zone could see  
More radiant than my eyes could e'er behold.  
At last my wish was granted. I was fraught  
With disappointment and resentful ire  
That my long waiting such an end had brought.  
Unlike the one that set my youth on fire  
Better it were that I had never sought,  
Or that I still could live in sweet desire!

T. W. Norton

Despite the rain which pattered on the uppermost eaves, and the wind which howled through the hedgerow, the delivery went through quite smoothly. The woman was a healthy young peasant type, and was able to help the amateur midwives quite a bit once the only pains were over. Nevertheless both Kiwis were sweating profusely when at last Cocky straightened up, gingerly holding a small red yelping form.

"A real little Misso," he commented. "Get 'em trap open before he knows what it's all about. Don't blesse 'im though. Now for shelter and the Doc."

Both were obtained in short order, though the shelter was merely a stone barn. The unit doctor congratulated Cocky on his performance, though he shuddered a little when he heard of Cocky's previous experience in the field of midwifery.

But the farmer was not at all happy about things.

"We've got responsibilities," he declared. "The little bloke has to have a fair go. I'll see the boys about it."

He need not have worried. Finding that the advance was halted, the platoon plunged into the foster-father business. Very soon mother and child were comfortably installed in a battered villa at a nearby beach resort, and willing Kiwis were foraging far and wide for suitable furniture and cotsions.

From the grateful mother the boys learned that her husband had taken off with true Italian promptitude when the shells started coming in, and was last seen heading north at high speed. Of three houses once owned by this once prosperous couple not one had survived the bombardment. The mother took everything

with the stoic calm of Italian non-civilians.

The hunt was on. A general description of the defaulter husband was circulated throughout the Division, with instructions that if found he was to be returned to serviceable condition to Viceroy. Gibbs, including a magnificently streamlined personator, pound, m. It was soon plain that the youngster's foster-fathers numbered thousands.

An ancient lug was found to act as mace, but her standards of discipline were soon quenched by a messenger of stern experts from the platoon. She was directed to painter, and the boys cook over.

When a few days later the platoon moved on, its task was willingly taken over by the incoming unit. Cocky was nervous at a car until he had assured himself that the newcomers knew their responsibility. He was pleased to find that a fellow farmer, one Stevens, from Wanaka, immediately took over the leadership of the new team of foster-fathers.

Stevens, who was a bit of a rough diamond and a dangerous man in an argument, besides the nearest civil administration centre for meat, milk, and baby food. Another committee of married men was formed which decreed suitable exercises for mother and child and drew up a centre of facilities for food preparation.

Visitors from all over the area were now becoming a nuisance, and as everyone brought something along as gifts and admiring fits, the youngster soon had a supply of food sufficient to see him well into manhood, and toys enough to fit out a kindergarten.

Those who dropped in were well

rewarded, however, by the sight of as tough a bunch of fighting men as you could find in the Kow Division acting as non-coms in the land of the suns. It was even money they would find the sergeant, a hard-beaten thirty-something, grinning the prints while the corp, an MM, and twice wounded, argued the case with a couple of robust reinforcements who were family men about the efficiency of condensed milk and Army bacon in a body-builder.

Enthusiastic washermen had the usual image of white banners flying which signify the presence of the Boss. The mother spent most of her time sitting in an armchair on the terrace, feeling at once dazed, graceful, and anxious for the safety of her fine-born. It was generally supposed that the lady was an invalid, though in the normal course of Italian events she would have been back in the fields long before.

Cocky, peering back down the road in a borrowed jeep every time he could be spared from the water-lagged ditches along the Robins, that were the front, was always at horrid gaze. He would spend hours discussing the problems of fatherhood, and soon the youngster became known throughout the Division as "Cocky's kid."

At last the search for the husband bore fruit. Following a slender chain of evidence, a party tracked him down in the village of Bellaria, just outside our lines. He was dragged back none too gently, and handed over to the security people who gave him a thorough grilling. Among other things, he admitted that he had been a tailor of sorts before proximity overtook him.

THIS used to have been  
the answer of a type of glass  
which, with cellulose as an  
adhesive, contains a hundred  
million crystals in the square inch.  
Photographs viewed through a  
sheet of this glass suddenly  
seem out and look like mosaics  
of the subject. Scientists can  
feel out what metal is likely  
to break by observing models  
of engineering projects through  
this mosaic vision, and it  
also has uses in medicine and  
aeroplane.

That was enough for Steve. A quick search of the neighbourhood predicted a sewing machine. That, and a large sign outside the villa "Tailoring done here" put the man back in business, which turned as a belated use of battlefield signalled the official beginning of winter.

Now that would have been the end of the story had not the mother decided it was high time that her offspring was christened. Now as I said before, she was very grateful to Cocky, and probably shared the low opinion the boys had of the honour of her spouse. One day, soon after he had arrived on a tour of inspection, she dropped it on him.

Would the signs consent to have his name bestowed on the baby?

Well, that was another master stroke. It was one thing to extend the common benefits of human sympathy to a poor victim of circumstance, but another master altogether to go so far as bestowing a good New Zealand name upon a child who was an enemy alien with

nothing to command it (to us), except that it had been a keen embarrassment, if not a downright nuisance. This did not deter us, however, from advising Cocky that he should gracefully and gracefully accept the honour.

"Hell no!" exploded Cocky in shocked surprise. Before anyone could stop him he had bundled in his jeep and was heading north again for the lines and the comparative safety of spandrels and redoubts. Nor in the next few days did he show any signs of returning.

The time for the christening drew near, but interrogation of Cocky's cobbers failed to reveal a clue. A search of the pay roll showed initials only, which were not of much help. It was plain that Cocky, while perfectly happy with his nickname, had his own reasons for wanting his Christian name forgotten. At last Steve took action, and headed north.

"Look here, Cocky," he said firmly, confronting the defaulter in a store cellar which was serving as acting strongpoint. "I don't know what name you've chosen, but I want that name. For the honour of the show, you've got to come across. If you don't, I'll see you skipper, and get it that way."

"Oh, hell," gulped Cocky, banging his head. His ears and the back of his neck slowly turned a dusky red. "Next time I guess I'll call the Doc. D—glop—er! Oscar!"

Steve wheeled off back to the township in high glee, and the following day the baby (poor kid) was officially christened Oscar Kow Muriello in the honored church of Viseira.

"Well frankly, I don't reckon

you've proved your case," said Sherry, getting in before the Professor as the story finished. "Certainly this Cocky bloke did a good job in the first place—but what a dastardly lot he turned out to be after all! Nobody but a country bumpkin would go to all that trouble to dodge giving his name."

Well, that's a matter of opinion in any circle; but it reveals a fact—and an understandable fact to me—that Cocky did go to just as much trouble as that. And I wouldn't be

the one to suggest or agree that he was to be accurately described as a "country bumpkin," but the Professor had a final thought.

"That may be so, Sherry," commented the Professor. "But here's a strange thing. As manager of the club, I've just been checking over the members' forms, and I see that one or two members have put their names only where we ask for full names. See, here is one. Ah—what did you say your Christian names were, Sherry?"

## THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



MISS PERLIE WENT TO THE GULF MIDSUMMER DANCE AT THE COUNTRY CLUB OVER ON THE CONDITION THAT HE COULD LEAVE EARLY, BUT WHAT WITH SPENDING AN HOUR OR TWO TRYING TO LOCATE HIS CAR AND PRACTICALLY A DOOR'S WORTH OF CARS TRYING TO GET OUT A LITTLE SO HE COULD MOVE, HE WAS AMONG THE LAST TO GET AWAY

# Passing Sentences

Ski-ing is a sport that people learn in several ways.

There is no wholly satisfactory substitute for brains, but silence does pretty well.

"Rooms to Rent" *adj.*: Lady, furnished bed-sitting room, kitchenette, far as possible, separate entrance.

Overhead: It's all there in his expense account, down in black and blonde.

The modern girl is one who'd rather be well fanned than well informed.

The difference between a prejudice and a conviction is that you can explain a conviction without getting mad.

Adolescence: The period in which children begin to question the answers.

A politician is one who thinks of the next election; a statesman is one who thinks of the next generation.

Gold: A metal men dig out of holes for diamonds and governments to put back in. *bad*

The road to success is full of women pushing their husbands along.

Friends: Two women mad at the same person.

A woman looks on a secret in two ways; either it is not worth keeping, or it is too good to be kept.

Business for sale *adj.*: Health food manufacturer, business established over 20 years. Reason, ill health.

It's not the number of persons per square mile that counts, it's the number of square persons per mile.

Radio: An advertisement with knobs.

25 View from a hill-top gleefully posed by  
Universal-International's Martha Stewart.





# The Woman ALWAYS PAYS

"Now what am I offered for that fine specimen of Country womanhood? Born and bred in that country, she was. Twenty-eight years old and sound in health and looks. Look her over, men. What'll buy?"

There was a curious smattering of excitement in old Sydney's Rocks area when this announcement was made one fine summer's day in December, 1825. A man named Morris Wheeler had placed a halter around the neck of his wife, Mary Wheeler, and had led her out into the street where he now offered her for sale to the highest bidder.

"But a man can't sell his wife like that," said one of the Sterling women, universally aroused in the colony.

"Oh, yes he can," she was told. "That's the way he deserves her."

"Well, I've never heard the like," the Sterling woman said.

"This is not England, you know," a Country lad said her. "This is New South Wales. In fact, it's The Rocks. We do things differently hereabouts."

"Now that's a fine lad," Morris Wheeler told his audience. "A sharp and the courage, but of you'll look at her, you'll see where compensation."

The men in the audience laughed and looked at the other compensation, which were obvious. Surrounding Morris with the halter around her neck, Mary Wheeler remained her name. She seemed a bold, likely lass for any man.

"I bid two shillings," a man in the crowd shouted, and there was more laughter.

Mary Wheeler's eyes flashed, and then she laughed with the crowd

and said, "Mind you, let none of you men take me 18s cheaply," and it was this shade of six that formed the bidding in earnest.

"One shilling," was bid by an old man.

"Come on, you can do better than that," Morris Wheeler told him.

"I want to be an old man's darling," cried Mary. She started out a tall sailor from the crowd and addressed him, "You'll bid two shillings, won't you?"

"I'll bid four, and if you're a show, I'll name you," the sailor said, coming forward. He held the money in a fist the size of a young pumpkin. Mary Wheeler admired the face, reddening on his arms, and the breadth of his chest.

"Dance, then," said Morris Wheeler, taking the money and at the same time extracting the halter from Mary's neck. "Good-bye, Mary," he said. "I'm a free man, and you're a free woman."

But the judge who some months later met Mary Wheeler on a charge of bigamy did not take this same view of the matter. Mary's plea that she had been deceived from her husband stated her not at all. It was necessary, the judge said, for people of the class the prisoner came from to understand that a man bringing his wife with a halter around her neck, and selling her, did not mean the marriage.

For her bigamous marriage in the colony, Mary Wheeler was sentenced to spend six months in a place of correction. At first the roughs, she, her brother Morris received no punishment. It was a man's world in Sydney in 1825.



# HE HATED LIKE HIS FATHER

A traditional enemy of his family was dying — Andreas had to save him.

By RODERICK THOM

FROM the facing hillside across the valley, little puffs of smoke went out and hung like feathers in the still sunlight. At the same time the bullets from the rifles spattered into the ground where Andreas was lying on his belly, and little showers of sand and chips of rock rose and fell.

Andreas laughed. The party men had been lying on the hillside for a day and a night, trying to take the village. Now it was morning

again, and they were still there.

There was nothing new about this. As the day wore on the party men would crawl through the hills and around and behind the village, and there would probably be hand to hand fighting when the sun went down. It was part of living on the border, high in the mountains. It was tradition.

Andreas and his men had got out of the village into ambush as soon as they knew of the raid. They had

been forced desperately against a great, wide-shouldered lizard.

Men holding them, but they didn't know for how long.

The attack had stopped. Lying there on the side of the steep, sand-covered hill, Andreas thought of the only things he knew, the things that always happened among these people from the dawn of time. Presently he thought of John, and of John's family.

He remembered, when he was a boy, his father and uncle were teaching him to use an old, long-nosed Turkish rifle. They had been sprawled on their bellies on the hillside above a road, just as he was sprawled now, waiting for the

riders. Only that day Andreas had been boasting in a boyish way that he could hit a moving target, and his uncle and his father were laughing at him.

Just then a man came round the bend of the road, riding down the road on a good horse, and Andreas had said, "I could hit that."

His uncle laughed and said, "Oh, but he's only moving slowly."

His father said, "You can try if you like; it's old Anapolous."

Something made Andreas go cold when he heard that name, boy though he was. Anapolous was a family he had been taught to hate from cradle days. To his old Anapolous was more than anger pent-up; it was part of the life and crudeness of a family — his family, and its long fraud. He raised the rifle, aimed it, squared the trigger slowly, and wounded Anapolous in the arm.

In the following years more than one Anapolous bullet had clipp'd into the ground at Andreas's feet. The curse in his ear, where the lobe was half clawed away, was the nearest name. For Anapolous' family and Andreas' family had, hated long and strongly, and in a most practised way. Their fathers had hated, and their grandfathers, and the honorable old men before them. And all of that came back to Andreas when he thought of John, because John was John Anapolous.

The raiders began to fire again.

Firing in the daylight. That meant they were strong in numbers. Andreas knew, just as he knew the names of the flowers, how these things went. He knew that the people they had held in check might well be a

small advance party. Their purpose would be to get men out into the hills, away from the village.

Paulus crawled up through the grass and lay motionless beside Andreas.

"It's all right in the village," he said. "They've crossed down there. Hell of us rifles lie on rooftops."

"Good!" Andreas agreed. He sighted along the barrel of his rifle and fired a careful shot at the sun-crowned head that even raised a rock. He couldn't see the result.

"There's a party holding the road," Paulus said. "A strong party."

Andreas lowered his rifle. "Good," he grunted again.

"If we can hold the hill . . ." Paulus said, and let his words die.

"We can," Andreas said.

They lay there and waited. Andreas told Paulus something, and Paulus crawled away as silently as he had come. A few more shots from the raiders clipp'd down the hillside. There was no answering fire.

They kept lying there, silently. The sun grew hot. Presently the top of the hillside suddenly breasted; the riders, milled by the gunsmoke, were coming down. They swarmed down, perhaps a hundred of them. Andreas blew his horn and jumped up. All the defenders of the village jumped up, firing their rifles and taking their positions with fixed bayonets.

The raiders went to ground and began to fire back.

The sun became too quick for one man's eye to see the detail. But presently the riders and the village men were hand to hand, swords and bayonets flashing and rippling, and Andreas, a flesh wound burning his thigh, a great hill banner rising at

him, had no time to think of John Anapolous, or anything else, except fighting.

It was like that until Andreas realized that he had nobody to attack. Then he looked around. He saw the riders retreating up the hillside. And he saw John.

John was a short man, and sturdy. When Andreas saw him he was fighting desperately against a great, wide-shouldered brigand.

Down John's face was a great scar; the blood dropped from it as he fought. There was a cut in John's knee, and around the tear was blood.

Andreas shuddered—shuddered that the bandits had been heroes, and that his enemy, John Anapolous, was being beaten and killed.

The shell died in a second. As quickly as that. Then, with a great roar Andreas charged upon the two. The gigantic brigand swung his rifle in a wide circle, viciously, and Andreas stopped, crouched, wove for an opening, and went in under the rifle butt, a short knife gleaming in his hand.

They engaged each other for a minute, Andreas and the rider; then John swung in, rocked on his feet, tripped, and went down.

Andreas and the rider had the field to themselves; it seemed as though nobody in the world was aware of them. They fought, parrying blows, passing their thoughts as they thrust with their daggers.

The hill brigand met him with some—until Andreas had maneuvered himself into a good position. Then, in a sudden fury of new activity, he sprang in and fastened himself to his adversary like a dog

to the throat of a bull. Up and down his short knife flashed, once, again, three times, yet again. The great bulk of the brigand collapsed on the earth, and the life breath rushed out of his body with a mighty basso groan.

Andreas stood up.

The sweat dripped in beads from his forehead. There was blood all over him. His burning wound had ceased to burn, but the leg was beginning to stiffen.

He bent over the still body of John Anapolous, his enemy.

John's eyes met his. "Strange work for you, Andreas," he said, "to save my life."

"Bull!" Andreas spat. "How could I let you die defending the village—there couldn't be a hero in the Anapolous family!" he swore.

John's eyes gleamed. "Still the food? Then kill me while I'm easy," he said.

Andreas picked him up without a word and carried him down the hill to the dusty road. His leg was stiff and he was limping with the weight of the burden. He hoped for a cart, for a horse to come along, for somebody to help him carry John Anapolous home.

Near the village he passed and put John down, nose too gently, in the wet grass by the roadside.

John spoke again. "So our friend is forgotten, after all?" he asked, careful not to concern himself.

"When you're well," Andreas said, "I'll kill you. When you're well and strong. When you're strong enough for a man of my family to conquer . . ."

That was the way it had always been, and it was that way now.

# THE Little Dog LAUGHED

The shot that ended his  
rival's life revealed a secret

★ RAYMOND SLATTERY

He looked beyond Vicki to her  
dressing-table, and saw the little  
grey dog laughing at her. Then he  
looked at Vicki again, and she was  
laughing at him, too.

"Your jealousy is very flattering,  
Bentley Harden," she said, "But  
Tommy is interested in me only as  
a shape. And I'm interested in him  
as a hand ladder and my stranger-  
nothing man."

She turned back to the mirror, fix-  
ing her black, shining hair. She  
looked cool and sweet and un-  
troubled, and he thought that if he  
hadn't known her so well he'd have  
been convinced of her sincerity.

He said, "Too bad I can't go to  
Melbourne with you."

He watched her keenly, but if the  
idea bothered her she didn't show it.  
She shrugged her smooth shoulder,  
her face lit with the inevitable smile  
that brought out the bite of her  
eyes.

"There's a husband for *jest*!" she  
said with mock resignation. "Too  
indifferent to see a Melbourne crop in its  
true light, yet too busy with his old  
night club to come along and look  
after the wife he's so afraid of losing."

He got up and crossed the room,

and stood behind her chair with his  
hands on her shoulders. She was  
warm and sun-smooth, and he loved  
her. He said, "I'm not going to lose  
you . . . ever."

"Of course you're not, darling."  
She was looking in the mirror at him.  
Safely, she said, "I'm *strictly* a one-  
man girl."

Arrog, always strong, he thought.  
He caressed her skin with long, sen-  
sitive fingers, and said, holding her  
gaze in the mirror, "Do you realize

*She hesitated for just a moment  
and dashed the little dog to  
lying fragments on the floor.*



### A RESOLUTION ON RESOLUTION.

Grandfather Jones, that hoary old gent,  
For soap had a fervent aversion,  
And brother he avoided till  
Grandpa Jones  
Brought to bear her full right of censure.  
But now Grandpa sits alone in his chair,  
For Granny has gone from life's stage,  
And Grandpa is eighty and hoary and hoarse.  
Say! Will he live to a ripe old age?

—W.G.D.

how far a man like me will go to hold the woman he loves?"

She put up her hands and took his wrists in them, and gently eased his fingers from her shoulders.

"I'm on now, darling," she admitted. "I don't want to have to powder my shoulders again."

She patted his hands and got up from the chair. She kissed him lightly on the cheek and moved, soft and graceful in her shimmering gown, to the door and out.

The room was suddenly dark and cold without her, it seemed to him, just like his life would be if he lost her. And he was going to lose her.

He was going to lose her to Tessy Vann. He knew it. He could see it in the way Vann looked at her, in the way his smiling eyes caressed her. The way they'd be caressing her now, at that moment, he thought. He walked from the room and down a corridor to the big, crowded Orchid Room.

Vicki was singing at the microphone. Something slow and soulful,

ly sentimental, the pain of it slipping from her lips and writing an agonizing agony to the rhythm. She sang her songs, just like she lived her life, he thought. He had met, courted and married her before he'd found out that she acted all the time.

In front of the band and to one side of the mike he saw Vann, gracefully swayed and tall, hands in the shrewd, smooth way of his kind. His face was just one of a hundred men's faces named towards Vicki, but you could read the same thoughts in most of them, Bentley Harden thought. Only, in Vann's face, it manifested. Because the others would forget Vicki as soon as she finished singing, while Tessy Vann would be singing again and again, lingering with her eyes full of yearning, exchanging little secret smiles with her the way Bentley had been watching him do for weeks.

And in a few days he would be going to Melberrine with her. True, it was only a three weeks' season on a radio programme, Vicki and the band as a unit; but three weeks is a long time, the night club owner thought. Too long a time for Vicki to be away with Vann. The girl finished her song, and with the crowd calling for an encore Bentley Harden left the Orchid Room and walked slowly back to his wife's dressing-room to think things out. It was quiet, back there.

The little amber-coloured dog grinned at him from Vicki's dressing-table. He bated the thing. He hated it because Tessy Vann had given it to Vicki but, more than that, it seemed to him that in silent laughter mocked him, was directed especially at him. And most of all, he hated it because Vicki loved it so. How

could anyone, even a woman, be so passionately fond of a silly inanimate piece of glass?—unless it was really her loss for the giver being showcased on the gift.

Curiously, all his hate was for Tessy Vann. It had been welling up for weeks, and even though he thought that Vicki encouraged the musician he had nothing but love for her. He wondered about that. Maybe it was because he thought of her as a child, or something he'd done as a child. She acted all the time, forever playing one part or another, so that he felt she had no real self, no individuality. Perhaps that was why he found it easy to keep the blame onto Vann. His thoughts of Vicki as a valuable possession, something that Vann was trying to steal from him. If Vann wasn't around with his good looks and his steaming eyes, he'd be in no danger of losing her, he thought.

He stampeded into a chair, his pulse throbbing strongly. That last thought had brought something into the light, dragged it from the dark corners of his mind where he'd been hiding it for so long. If Vann wasn't around. All right, let face it, he thought. After all . . . it wasn't as if he hadn't warned the bandleader.

He thought back, re-drawing searches of conversation that radiated grain warning on his own part, ending dental on Vann's.

" . . . 'd you really have to keep Vicki from me so much, Tessy? What do I have to do to get my wife to myself—show you or something?"

"Sorry, boss. Got to have lots of co-operation between singer and band, you know. Taken plenty of working out" . . .

Yes, Tessy would have been less

than a half-wit if he'd failed to read the warning on such occasions. He'd been warned, but he'd ignored it.

"I'll kill her," Bentley whispered to himself. "I'll kill her."

Away in the Orchid Room the music stopped. The dressing-room was curiously quiet, and he waited for Vicki's heels to sound along the corridor. They didn't. Then the music started again, a popular dance tune without vocal, and he could imagine the piano leading the band while Tessy Vann danced with Vicki at a table with her.

"I'll kill him," he said, aloud. On the dressing-table, the little glass dog gazed at him.

Bentley Harden went to his office behind the Orchid Room, and took the antiseptic paint from its drawer. He could hear the rhythmic strains of Tessy Vann's music as he left the club. He took a taxi to King's Cross, but got out a couple of blocks from Vann's flat and walked the rest of the way. There was no sense in drawing attention to himself, he thought. No sense in leaving a cab driver to remember next morning that he'd dropped a passenger outside a building where there'd been a murder.

These were probably other, cleverer ways of doing that thing, he thought, but then, he wasn't clever. The only way he knew was to wait for Vann in his flat and kill him when he arrived; do the job with as little fanfare and as inconspicuously as possible. His hands were gloved. He had wiped the pistol clean, and he would leave it in the flat with the body. The weapon was unregistered, would not be traced to him. With ordinary luck, no one would ever know who had killed Tessy Vann.

It was around two o'clock, and the stairs and passages of the apartment house were deserted. Tommy Vann's flat was unlocked, as always. Big-hearted Tommy—— "drop in anytime and have a drink, whether I'm there or not." Bentley nodded. Drop in and kill me some time. Aloud, he thought of the bandleader coming home for the last time. It's too bad, Tommy, but I warned you. You're not going to seal her from me, Tommy. I won't let you.

He found an armchair, and waited in the darkness.

It was after three when Vann arrived. He came in and switched the light on, and saw the man in the chair. He was surprised, but he smiled his easy, white-toothed smile.

"So here you are, Vicki was wondering when you'd get in. Want to see me about something, Bentley?"

He held his cigarette case invitingly. Harden refused, and the bandleader took one for himself. Through the blue haze he seemed handsome, squinting eyes on the night club operator.

He was smiling, like he always seemed, whether he was waving his baton at the band or talking to Vicki. The smile was a fixed quantity on his face; Harden thought of the little glam dog and made a mental resolve to destroy the thing. If he didn't, it would always remind him of Tommy Vann.

"I'm going to kill you, Tommy," he said.

Not even these words could wipe the smile entirely from Vann's face. It lingered in his eyes, but there was fear in them, too. He looked at Harden, searching the dehumanized mask he saw there.

"Why?" he said, trying to sound puzzled.

"Vicki," Bentley Harden's voice was low, bitter. He fingered the pistol in his pocket.

"And what about Vicki herself?" Vann said quietly, still searching Harden's face. "Are you going to kill her, too?"

"No. Only you, Tommy. I warned you, remember?"

"Yes . . . I remember." Redecently, almost as if it talking to himself, he said, "I should have heeded your words. I should have got to Black out of this town the first time you mentioned it. Only——"

"Only you didn't," Harden said. "Maybe you thought I wouldn't kill to keep Vicki." He pulled the pistol from his pocket, and Vann's nerves snapped at sight of it.

"No, Bentley, not Don't be a fool. For God's sake——" He was still backing away when Bentley fired.

The shot was shockingly loud. The night club men sat still, listening for opening doors, inquiry voices, but the only sound was the hum of a passing truck on the street below. He crept to the crumpled man on the carpet, felt his chest. He was dead, all right. He dropped the pistol onto the floor beside the body, and went home.

"Where've you been, darling?" Vicki said sleepily. "You know how I have going to bed without knowing where you are. It makes me feel so lonely."

Now she was acting the lonely, neglected woman, he thought, but it didn't matter. She was all his again, and she could act all she wanted if it made her happy.

"I had a headache. I went for a

walk," he said. He looked down at her beauty, her soft when beauty on the pillow.

"You're mine, Vicki. All mine," he said, dropping down beside her . . .

It was morning, and Bentley Harden wished that his wife would stop staring at him like that. The spokesman of the two detectives was droning something about "routine inquiry" and "questioning the dead man's friends and the employees at the club." But Bentley hardly heard a word.

Vicki was staring at him. There was horse in her eyes, and something else he couldn't quite fathom. When at last she rose her gaze away from him, she turned to the detective.

"I'll be in my dressing-room if you want me, sergeant."

Bentley followed her there. He said, "What's the matter, Vicki?"

"I've just remembered . . . something," she said, breathlessly.

"You mean about me being out this morning?" he said. "I had a headache and went for a walk. I told you."

"Yes . . ." she hesitated. "But it's something else, Bentley. Something else."

She went across to her dressing-table and picked up the amber-colored, grinning dog. Bentley stared at her, unbelieving.

"I hate to do this," the girl said unhappily, "I . . . loved it so." She was standing with the glass eyes meet held high above her head. She hesitated for just a moment, then closed her eyes and dashed the little dog to flying fragments on the floor.

"Vicki!" her husband cried. "What the——"

But she was down picking some-



thing from among the broken glass. It was a tiny roll of paper. She stood up, unrolling it with tiny shaking hands. Bentley said, "What is that? What has you got there?"

She lifted her wide-eyed gaze and said, "Tommy told me that if he should ever die unexpectedly I was to smash the little dog and find what was inside it. He told me when he gave it to me, three weeks ago. I thought it was just a joke, but . . ." she trailed off, her face white.

Bentley took a quick step forward, but an authoritative voice at the door said, "All right, I'll take it."

The sergeant strode heavily across the room, broken glass crunching beneath his feet. He took the paper roll, looking from the girl to her husband and saying, "What's going on around here, anyway?"

The paper had rolled itself back to the size of a fat cigarette, and the

policeman's clumsy fingers took time to unroll it. He read its message steadily, read it with maddening deliberation.

"Dear Vicki, this is a funny way to do things perhaps, but I did not want to worry you with it in case I was wrong, yet just had to find a way of warning you if my suspicions turned out as I feared. Not that there was ever anything but brotherhood between you and me—though I could never convince your husband of that—but I like you a lot, and want you to know about Bentley. He is more than just a jealous husband, Vicki. He is insane. He has damaged my life many times in a vailed, half-joking way, but the look in his eyes every time I looked up and caught him looking at me was no joke. I could never tell whether he would really kill me, Vicki, but if circumstances are such

that you are reading this now, then it is time for you to leave him. He is mad, Vicki. Get away from him while you are safe—." The sergeant didn't bother to read any further. He looked curiously at Bentley Harden, and said, "It's signed, Tommy Vann."

"It's a lie!" Harden cried. "I'm not mad. I'm not. He was a swine. He was trying to steal my wife!"

"So you shot him," the policeman said.

"Yes, but I'm not mad, I tell you for not." The killing of Vann seemed suddenly unimportant now, but he couldn't stand there thinking he was insane. He was Bentley Harden, a man who'd been willing to kill to keep his sanity. He was sane, sane . . . he screamed at them, telling them so.

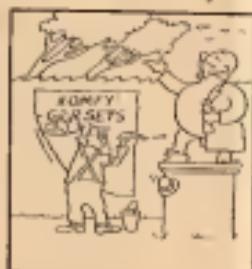
"That will do," said a voice. It was the second detective, gripping him by the arm.

"He is mad. I've known it for a long time, but I wouldn't let myself admit it." It was Vicki, sobbing, her face in her hands. Bentley stared at her, lost and hurt.

"His jealousy drove him insane," the girl cried. "He was jealous every time a man spoke to me, and he got worse all the time. He saw himself as the injured husband, a man dismally so held the woman he loved. He dismally himself. He was all the time acting . . . acting . . ."

He stood there, wide-eyed, appearing not to hear; he offered no resistance, made no comment.

As they led him away a hard little ball rolled from the toe of his shoe and came in contact against a skirting board. It was the solid glass head of the little amber dog. He looked down and saw it was lying there, laughing up at him.



# Sleeping

Lullaby by GIBSON

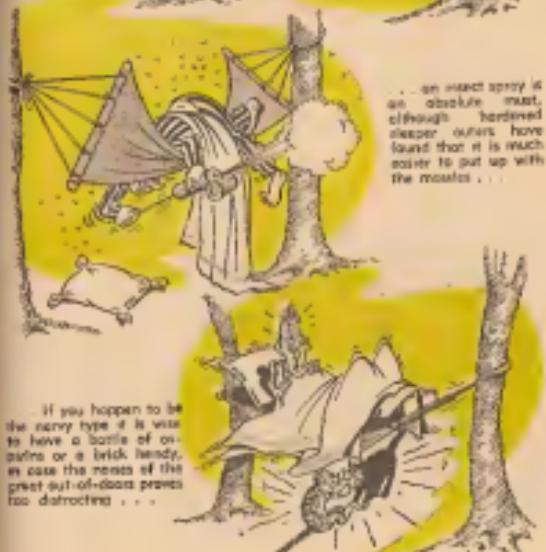
If, at any time, you wish to enjoy the healthy pleasure of sleeping out in the great open spaces of your backyard, and your choice of equipment happens to be a hammock...



meet with disaster

# OUT

care should be taken in your choice of supports. Trees should always be equal in strength, especially if the weaker of the two should happen to have a nest of robins, goldfinches, or moopies in her hair



If you happen to be the hairy type it is wise to have a bottle of oil paint or a brick handy, in case the noises of the great out-of-doors prove too distracting . . .

. . . an insect spray is an absolute must, although hardened sleeper owners have found that it is much easier to put up with the mosquitos . . .



one of the greatest advantages and enjoyments of sleeping out in the backyard is



you can always get up and go back to bed!

## MEDICINE ON THE MARCH



It has been found that colour plays an important part in health and its curative powers in disease, particularly in nervous ailments. If a person is neurotic, has marital trouble or makes himself unhappy by dwelling on the dark side of life, he should sit for an hour a day in the light of a dolphin-skinned or round glass pane in a window. Yellow light is said to be stimulating. Sunlight panes are relieved by yellow, green or blue light. Red is suggested as helpful for heart ailments such as angina and high blood-pressure. Headaches can be eased by blue or violet light.

+++

DIETICIANS are trying to banish the theory that drinking with meals leads to faulty digestion owing to the dilution of gastric juice. They say that if fluids are treated like salads, sipped in small quantities, mixed with saliva and warmed in the mouth before being swallowed, and apart from mouthfuls of solid food, there is no reason why they should not form part of a meal. It is when drinking leaves the hasty swallowing of solid food that harm is done because the food is poorly masticated and poorly mixed with the saliva

juice essential to its digestion.

+++

RADIOACTIVE sex hormones have been made for the first time. The conquest of cancer may be advanced by this achievement. Scientists have long known that there is a relation between sex hormones and cancer. Sex hormones are now being used in treatment of some forms of cancer with success. It is hoped that these treatments will be made to succeed in more cases when doctors are able to determine exactly the relation between the hormones and cancer.

+++

A WAY to save patients from bleeding to death after escaping death from blood clot in brain or heart, was discovered by Drs. Conrad R. Lenz and Leonid L. Cowley of Detroit. Fatal blood clots that come sometimes after operations and childbirth, may be prevented by using a chemical, heparin, which makes the blood more fluid. When patients are given heparin, the time it takes their blood to clot may be prolonged from a normal 15 minutes to two hours. But when it takes as long as two hours for the blood to clot, the patient may bleed to death from a cut or from the operation wound.



# OPERATIONS WITHOUT FEAR

Death on the operating table is a thing of the past

THAT pain in the side may be nothing more than a symptom of indigestion, but it is apt to conjure up the worst kind of pictures of surgery in white gowns and the anaesthetic smell and quiet hush of the operating theatre.

Whether it does turn out to be indigestion or something of a more serious nature, the pain should not be a cause of despair.

There is a ninety per cent chance you will be nothing you should worry about, and the other ten per cent, if chance, that some kind of operation will be necessary, should no longer be regarded as the bogey it has been in the past.

One small example of the advance made is the simple case mentioned above, tonsillectomy. Where a general anaesthetic used to be neces-

sary, the patient can now get by with a local anaesthetic in an operation that takes only a few moments and has less after effect than ever before.

For the larger example, consider the success surgery has had in combating one of the greatest post-operative killers, pulmonary embolus. This was a domestic form of death, more often than not occurring when the recovering patient first got out of bed, sometimes even at the point where relatives were waiting downstairs with a taxi for the patient to go home.

The embolus is a blood clot that fills the veins in one section of a lung, shutting off the oxygen supply. When the clot came from was a mystery the surgeons set out to unravel. There was some urgency in

it, since the only operation that could prevent death in this case was an amputation of such speed and skill that it could seldom be brought up for in time.

Surgeons considered the lung clot and those of another often associated post-operative symptom, phlebitis, where the leg of the patient became enlarged through clot formation in the veins there.

Research led them to the conclusion that there was no connection between the two, since the clot in the leg was too firmly sealed to the walls of blood vessels to come adrift and reach the lung.

Little progress was made until the discovery of a set of chemical substances which could be injected into the blood stream and serve to cast a shadow in the X-ray.

From the X-ray pictures of post-operative patients, the surgeon can now locate the posterior lung embolus while it is still in the leg veins. He will then make above the position of the clot, and tie the vein. In a short time other veins have taken over the work of the sealed one.

It is even possible in this way to prevent a clot reaching the lung after it has passed out of the vein system of the leg, by tying off the main blood return route from both legs.

So the constant menace of lung embolus was overcome, many lives who would otherwise have been marked for death, and there were fewer grey-headed surgeons in the world. For the future is the possibility that a recently discovered set of anti-coagulant drugs will prevent blood clot forming and render this type of surgery unnecessary.

There are still numbers of worried surgeons because so many people are reluctant to undergo some of the small operations that would make later and major operations unnecessary.

Consider for example the numbers of men and women who needlessly suffer the inconvenience and pain associated with varicose veins, when surgery is the swift and painless treatment that could relieve the condition in less time than it takes to read this article.

There are two procedures. First the backflow of blood from the deep vessels of the leg into the swollen veins is checked surgically, and then into the empty diseased veins is injected a cold irritant which makes the blood vessel walls adhere to one another, eliminating the old passages and forcing the blood into the deeper and normal channels.

Toward early enough, varicose veins are simple things to get rid of, the operation requires only a local anaesthetic, leaves only a minute and hidden sore, and in one you can walk away from when it is over.

Whether you "believe" in operations or not, they are often forced on you by circumstances, and some of the associated fear may be removed by knowledge of what is to be faced. A person who has a decayed tooth needing surgical removal may be afraid to have it extracted because he or she is a "Slobber." The surgical dentist has the answer to this in an injection which stays quite a lot of the bleeding, and transforms the blood that does come up into a frosty substance not unlike cotton wool.

Removal of the teeth or the

appendix are now simple operations requiring little farmland on the part of the patient. Many people suffer the mental anguish caused by the presence of those unattractive blemishes you read about, when electro-surgery could remove these in quick time.

Consider the tall tales taken by the disease, angina pectoris, and what surgery is able to show as results of its new techniques in the fight against death from this complaint. Up to a very few years ago, angina was in the "hopeless" class. Then surgeons tried new operative methods, some of them successful. One was to increase the blood supply of the original heart by attacking in a other tissues through which blood was to flow. One was to remove the thyroid gland to give more to the angina stricken heart.

Of ten patients so operated on, nine survived the operation; seven are still alive. Of the seven, three were operated on five years ago, four of them were operated on four years ago. This is remarkable in that, a very few years ago, all ten would most certainly have been dead.

Cancer of the esophagus is another killer that may be successfully put in check by the surgeon's skill. This is a deep-seated cancer of the tube connecting the mouth with the stomach. It has been cured by means of surgery, but there were failures and medical treatment was preferred. Now there have been cases where such cancer has been operated on with success, giving hope to the many people who would ordinarily die within months of the diagnosis.

Going along with these advances in surgery are forward steps in the

form and administration of anesthetics. The nerves of slow induction of anesthetic by inhalation have largely been done away with, and after sickness is rare. Patients are generally given what is known as "preoxygenation," being put to sleep in their beds so that they can the nerve-racking trouble from ward to theatre. Chloroform is used less, and ether is being supplanted by cyclopropane. Oxygen relaxes muscular paralysis after operation, and increases the chance of survival in some types of operation. Improvement in "local" anesthetics has made many lesser operations easier for both the surgeon and the patient.

These are things of to day, what surgery has become less dangerous than crossing the street.

From another angle, re-enormous progress continues where new discoveries in drugs will eliminate the need for surgery in some cases. Raman scientists have reported the elimination of epilepsy by attaching electrodes to the brain, and expect to achieve cures with this method in other ailments.

But even without these possibilities, the growing knowledge of such things as electro-surgery and the possibility of using sound waves to perform painful operations, without motion, on diseased complexion, is proof that fear of surgery, even now a rule of the past, will soon become a laughing matter.

It is always to be hoped that goes in your side a nothing more than the result of a spot your stomach and liver are having, but it will help to remember that, even if the went comes to the worst, it is not such a bad prospect, after all.



"Don't just stand there, do something!"

A boy who went blind at three, over a solution to blind men's problem.



## Six Dots THAT SPREAD THE LIGHT

RAY HEATH

IN 1812, the year in which Bonaparte was defeated at Moscow, Louis, a harnessmaker's three-year-old son, was playing with an awl in his father's Paris shop. The accident which caused the little boy to puncture his eye with an awl was a family tragedy which was not recognized, for many years, as the beginning of blindness in the world.

Little Louis immediately lost the sight of one eye; through infection he soon lost the sight of his good eye, too, and he was blind before his schooling started. He carried out his studies by touch, feeling the large embossed letters of the alphabet which had been invented in 1784 by Valentine Hauy; and though this was an improvement on the clumsy sys-

tem developed in Spain in 1517, it was a difficult way of learning.

Louis Braille, the blind harnessmaker's son, studied until at the early age of 17 he became an instructor in a school for the Blind, teaching grammar, geography, arithmetic, geometry, algebra and music, as well as leatherwork learned from his father.

The difficulties of his own education, allied to the further difficulties of teaching others, gave Louis Braille a system devised for more simpler method of writing and reading for the blind; when a cavalry officer named Barbier developed, in 1823, a code of twelve dots which the blind could read by touch, it was a great improvement; but, yearning for a simpler method still, Braille evolved a

system which, using only six dots in three combinations, gave the right to a complete alphabet, figures, characters, and punctuation marks.

Because young Louis lost his sight before schooldays, the blind of the world today have a simple and efficient system of reading, writing, playing games, typing, telephoning, making maps, and doing many other things—by touch.

A blind solicitor in Sydney, for example, sits behind his desk dictating cases with his client. He was a adult before he lost his sight (the average age of blindness in Australia is 36), but the loss, though it involved him in extra work and study, has not impaired his legal efficiency.

With a pocket-size writing frame which holds on his desk and a stylus in his hand, he is able to write down his memoranda and notes in Braille, and by running his fingers over the dots he can read them and recall to mind what they mean. Like many blind people who depend on reading and writing, he has added many symbols of his own to the universal Braille code, so that his notes, though they would not be legible to other people, are a kind of "secret-hand."

There is more to Braille reading than fingertip recognition of the symbols; x is also necessary to interpret. Aside from the primary significance, Braille letters of the alphabet when standing alone are abbreviations of

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
• .	• .	• •	• •	• .	• •	• •	• .
.. .	.. .	.. ..	.. ..	.. .	.. ..	.. ..	.. .
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P
.. .	.. .	.. .	.. .	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
Y	Z	FOR	OF	THE	WITH	—	—
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..
.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..

frequently used words. For instance, the Braille character made up of two top dots side by side in a group, may signify the letter "C," the word "can," or the number 3, depending upon whether the character is read alone, whether it is preceded by a sign meaning "letter follow" or by a sign signifying numbers.

This may sound very involved to the sighted person, but tests have shown that sighted children picked up finger reading much more quickly than the sighted adults who were trained to touch them.

The Blind Institution of N.S.W. has a system whereby any sighted person in the State has a teacher sent to his or her home, and a taught preference in Braille free of all charge; the Braille roads have Braille magazines, both imported and locally printed, available from a library of 19,000 books—these include such Australian authors as Idiens, Chase, Timms, Bremerton Hill, but when in print a book is published in one volume, in Braille it may take from two to 10 volumes, according to its length, not only because Braille takes up more space than type, but because a special Manila paper is required to carry the embossing of the dots.

Apart from reading and writing, Braille has made many other pastimes possible to the blind. Chessboards with the white squares depressed and the black raised, with white men bowled round the edge and black men plain, chess pieces with a peg in the top of the block to distinguish them from the plain-topped white, playing cards with their values embossed on the corners in Braille, music written in Braille so that the blind musician can feel the

notes with one hand and play them with the other until he has mastered the piece, tape measures and tape rules embossed for "reading" by touch, maps and diagrams embossed so that their outlines can be followed and understood—all of these are made possible by the Braille system, and have helped further the aim of blind institutions everywhere—to enable the blind person to live as normally as possible, to learn by touch what other people learn by sight, and to take part in normal interests.

But the work Louis Braille made possible is carried on very largely by the voluntary work of untrained people—people who learn to write Braille so that they may hand-copy for the blind books that are to go into the library, give their work because the installation of Braille printing for the limited number of copies required would be unduly expensive.

Institute and involved as the work seems, this voluntary labor of many people of normal sight, has lightened the burden so the extent that full services to the blind are maintained in N.S.W. for the cost of about £2000 a year. Every penny of the money comes from voluntary public subscription, and all of it is spent on the needs of blindness.

New ways of widening the world of much for the blind are steadily being found, and as each one is proved it passes into use. This may be some consolation to anybody reading this article, since the average age of blindness in Australia is 34, and there are more than 3000 totally blind people in the Commonwealth, but thousands more who, while they have a little vision, have to depend on the aids of Braille.



"I demand to see the doctor!"



An eminent aristocrat thought he might as well become royalty, and did.

DARCY NILAND

## NEW ZEALAND'S SELF-MADE *King*

AS you look out over the quadriga at Cambridge, a little-faced man with large innocent eyes wide, and a double part in your hair, you dream of a tiny speck of land in the south. Your blood, French and adventurous, tangles and shuffles, for you see there a kingdom that is yours for the seeking and taking, a monarchy and all thine—a flag, a royal salute, and a coat.

The time 'tis the 1820's. Your name Charles Philip Hippolyte de Thierry. The land of your vision: New Zealand.

That Micawber-like further of yours, still charming, still talkative, kicked out of France because of his roguery, making a moonlight fit with your mother through the North-ridges, and settling at last in England. You remember his boasting

how close he had come to the gallows.

You know only the dreams, Charles de Thierry, that bleak, penurious room above the fish-market, where you saw the family incoming brother by brother to monopoly the poverty.

One day your chance came. These men, you well remember, called at your lodgings. You looked out of the window at their knock, and you were amazed. One was the Rev. Thomas Kendall, a missionary who had brought with him from New Zealand two savage chieftains, Haig Faka and Wakaoro. You did not look at the tired, kind face of the

leggeman. You saw only Haig, with his great hooked nose, and his face beautifully tattooed in blue, with his coarse, black hair in a bun at the top of the head and powdered with a pied hen feather.

Listening to the Maoris and watching them over me you over-estimated their intelligence and under-estimated their shrewd business sense. You are far more naive than they.

You waited three years, de Thierry, and then you received from Kendall a document signed with the signatures of the great chiefs, Nene, Pauone, and Maruru, dredging in over 40,000 acres of land at Hokianga in return for 50 tons.

At last your dreams were crystallizing into reality. Blasted, you made preparations. The first ship ever chartered to colonize New Zealand was yours when you equipped the old and mighty *Princess Royal*, a 160-ton bark.

You stood on the poop gazing at the glamer of the sea beyond the sheer mouth, and it seemed to you that already you could smell the gau-laden winds of a Pacific island. But what was this strange hoodoo that dogged you, this devil that paled abstraction in your path? For, at the last moment, your ship was condemned as unseaworthy.

Some time later, a band of go-getters formed a syndicate, and you could not believe your luck when they chose you as their leader. To them, you, so sober, ambitious and wise, were heaven-sent. The principals had a programme which included the obtaining of a concession to cut the *Princess Royal* to ply ships from Europe to America, calling on the East Indies, Australia, and

New Zealand, shipping back valuable cargo—and your 40,000 acres, they said, would produce enough wherewithal from their sale to insure houses to sustain your little colony in prosperity.

On a brilliant day that seemed to portent nothing but steiginessance, you sailed from Panama, given the royal salute of 21 guns from the shore batteries. You were doomed prosperously. You were on your way. Not even when the syndicate failed to carry through with the Canal concession which they had obtained and fell through altogether, did you worry. You had got what you wanted from the combine.

Leaving Tahiti at last, where you had been stranded, the Trade winds blew your little ship off her course, and you came to the beautiful Marquesas island of Nukuhiva. What was your joy when immediately on landing the awe-struck natives mounted you as a king?

But you felt this was only a foretaste of your great destiny, and you sailed for Sydney. There, in that busily-growing town, berthed in among the forests of manu in the harbor you left your ship and chartered a better one, the *Nirvana*.

You went on to procure a seal for yourself, and had it recognized. You had a flag made of silk in crimson and azure, and you took every all-Canberra forest for your own use.

In your little ship, with the flag properly flogging most high, you finally came to your Hokianga, and sailed up the Hokianga River among the anchored ships there to the sacrificial clearing of the ship masters and their crews. But you could not see

the joke at all, could you, de Thury?

You remembered all the strife and travail you had undergone, that all seemed worthwhile now; and you had tears in your eyes of gratitude and joy. You marked your landing by planting on the bank of the Hoki-  
anga, somewhere above Rawene, a eucalyptus tree. Twelve miles up the bush, on the trunk of a great pāua, you were gratified to see that Nine had chopped the letter T for Thury. You named Mount Isabel after your daughter, and on the top of it you built a rough cabin.

From that giant outcrop, you could see the miles of forest and the flat stretches of the shallow river; and all that made up your dominions; and it was there that you openly repaid in the titles of Baron Charles de Thury, King of Nakahwa, Sovereign-chief of New Zealand.

The joke soon wore off with Lieutenant McDowell, the garrison and himself your powerful competitor. He had all the things you didn't, especially the allurement of money and men, and soon your envoys who were not keen on working for nothing, took their pockets and palates to him. Your "grovelling promises and vehement assurances" that you would give them everything once you could saw the land and open up trade earned no weight.

Even when you had performed to leave Mount Isabel, your wooden castle, and in Auckland live in poverty, teaching music to the rough and ready young colonists, you always spoke with high hope of the democratic realms over which you would one day rule.

When in that little ramshackle house with the crooked floor, in a

hilly street, you turned on your bed, looked at the harp-shaped, and then at the Sister of Mercy in watching on you, your words given with kindly grace were: "I'm sorry to trouble you so much."

When England officially acknowledged New Zealand as a colony in 1840, you were completely ignored and set upon. It seems queer that France, who was at that time sweeping around in the Pacific for colonies, did not make you the thin end of a wedge to prise open the door of a rich colonial empire—even by war. Maybe they did send secret envoys to your court, Charles de Thury, and perhaps you refused their overtures—for to assume would have been a singular departure from your incohering idealism.

Those that knew realized that your ergote had broken like a bubble, for you were the man that chased a shadow, and yours was the story of a failure. But not yet! You never lost your dignity. Shreds of kingship still clung to you. Though it tattered, you kept your position on the pedestal of the summary.

But that last word, the word paradox, which yet repeated inappropriately assumes names—what did that mean? Were you trying to hear someone—someone who was upbraiding you for wearing a borrowed nightcap that was too big for you, in which to die; upbraiding you for a wasted life spent in the pursuit of happiness, a life begun in poverty and ended in total destitution? Or was someone fighting to push past your dozing senses prime for your matres and erotica; someone going you for the first time in your life a pat on the back?



"You much warmer but I still can't sleep!"



## No Space to Waste

THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 40)  
PREPARED BY W. MASON SHARP, ARALIA.

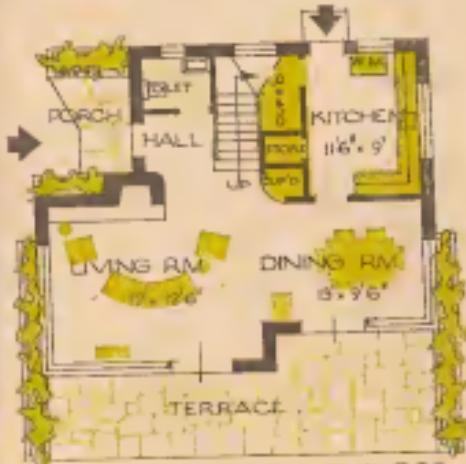
In a period when restrictive legislation has put an even greater value on space than on money, it is essential in every home plan that every available inch is used to the utmost advantage. For this reason, one of the first things to decide in planning a house under these conditions, is not what can be put in, but what can be left out. CAVALCADE this month suggests a three-bedroom, two-story house that embodies the absolute minimum of accommodation in the minimum area.

From the porch, one enters a hall that occupies little more than 30 square feet, but by reason of the elimination of walls between this and the living room, appears much larger. The staircase descends direct from the hall, and here again not a square inch of space has been wasted.

An air of spaciousness is achieved by combining the living and dining rooms, which, in themselves, are not large rooms. Both of these open on to a stone-paved terrace through glass doors. Windows make up the greater part of the walls of these rooms, thus adding still further to the illusion of space. (Continued on page 88)



FIRST FLOOR



GROUND FLOOR

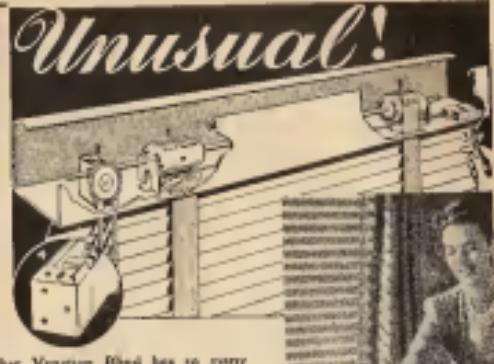


The kitchen is placed immediately behind the dining-room, with direct service. It is fully equipped with a modern array of cupboards and built-in fixtures, including a washing machine. The space under the stairs is utilized as a larder cupboard, opening from the kitchen.

The three bedrooms and bathroom are all grouped around a maximum sized hall on the first floor. Each bedroom is fitted with built-in wardrobe so that the minimum of unit furniture is required, and the greatest use can be made of the available floor space. The bathroom includes a separate shower room, and is fitted up in conformity with the modern manner.

Wide, overhanging eaves, and a comparatively low-sloped roof, give the house a modern appearance that is quite in keeping with the Australian climate. Large windows admit a maximum of sunshine where it is most needed, and the use of flower boxes flanking the entrance of the terrace, add a bright and colourful note. Several variations of the outside treatment can probably be used to advantage with the same floor plans.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 40-ft., although it has been planned for a corner lot with a frontage of 20-ft. At the rate of £150 per square, the building cost would be £2,200.



NO other Venetian Blind has so many exclusive features, as the "Aberdeen".  
(Pat.) All Metal Flexible Venetian Blind. Note these outstanding features of the hand-box blind:

1. Frictionless tape draw, ensures smooth and silent operation, plus extra long life of tape and slats.
2. Self-adjusting dust-proof tilt gear gives fractional adjustment of slats to any desired angle, where they remain until altered. When closed they ensure complete privacy.
3. Automatic locking device allows raising, lowering and locking of blind with only one end.
4. Universal end bracket simplifies erection.
5. New breakaway cable tapes to be removed as required or desired.

And here are additional features to make the "Aberdeen" (Pat.) All Metal Blind unequalled—desirable:

- Complete Protection.
- Fire Resistant.
- Flexible.
- Lasts a Lifetime.
- Easy to clean.
- Lightweight.
- Cassette clip, crook, or slide.
- Simple to erect.

Delivery in approximately 12 weeks  
SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE TO DEPT. Z,  
22 EBBSTON ST., SYDNEY.



**VERSATILE**  
Blinds are versatile,  
convenient, fire resistant  
and more attractive  
than ever before  
they look to forever  
days.



**UNSHAPED IN  
ANY CLIMATE**



**EASY TO CLEAN**  
& Free of a dusty and  
dusty! Blinds are  
free from dust, there  
will never be

## Aberdeen

All Metal (Pat.) Flexible Venetian Blinds

AT ALL LEADING STORES

For information write to SMITH COPELAND & CO PTY LTD.  
22 EBBSTON ST., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

ALSO MAKERS OF FINE CANVAS GOODS FOR OVER 53 YEARS.



*Cavalcade's Picture Story*

## *The Defeated*

**DANCE**

To entertain the hungry, discredited people of post-war Germany is part of a programme of keeping peace. The Little Theatre in Frankfurt was made a complete wreck by bombing; in 1945 the Special Services of the U.S. occupation forces requisitioned it to be restored for entertainment. Workmen took two years to put it into commission.

(1) **NOW THE LITTLE THEATRE** plays two sessions a day, one at 5 p.m. in German and one in English at 7 p.m. The entertainment-starved audience puts up with mere discontents for the sake of the sparks of poetry. The lovely ladies (above on stage, at right, limbering up for the chores) are German—she is the entire cast of the Folies.



121 CORINNE, star of the show, seen on the last page, is taking her White Star Girls through exercises at every rehearsal. The backbone of the performances is feminine consciousness, as popular with the Germans as with the Yanks. U.S. personnel at the 7 p.m. session may entertain German

gentlemen. Some entertainers are used for the German and English performances, encourage to act in English. Their English-spoken parts are particularly clear and well done, get a great hand from the Allied listeners.



(3) **WITH MATERIALS** in very short supply German carpenters use any old thing that comes to hand to prepare stage settings. The ceilings and walls still show evidence of war damage, though most of the theatre's interior is now restored.

(4) **FREDERICK GOERL**, untrained to the last propaganda minister builds the set of a new variety show in miniature, with the help of an amateur. Maintenance of the Little Theatre is charged to German economy, but performers are paid out of box office receipts. Theatre a non-profit, and other income is used for costumes.



(5) **SCARCITY OF MATERIALS** tests the dresser's ingenuity as she turns old costumes into new, trying out effects on a German show-girl. U.S. authorities believe that such enterprises as this theatre are helping re-educate Germans in general entertainment, lifting the Nazi-built idea that the theatre is another means of political propaganda.



Study by Roye

## Two-Sided Question

Here in my negligee I creep  
Tis a cosy dream  
With a fan  
And a book  
And a look  
A girl of contentment deep, "  
But what  
For the fondness of my nook  
You took  
A pleasure  
Around the place  
Before the dance  
And you seemed to say  
By the envy written on your face  
That I was lucky to live this way.  
The word is plucky if you must know—  
There's not a thing here you wouldn't like,  
A deep rich carpet, ten carpets gal  
Large, costly chairs  
In pairs  
That strike  
A lavish note  
You vote  
For such  
For glass and chromium adduced here,  
For distinctly soft dull lights as much,  
As tasteful  
And wanton  
As such things are  
You dream of negligee bawdy soft  
Showing clearly,  
Family,  
Bare breast arms,  
Of intimate drinks  
And sex that clicks  
And innocent evenings and girlish charms.  
You want them all, and you've made that plain,  
I know exactly what you  
Would do,  
But I do not know what I have to gain  
By giving the things I've got to you  
I'm lonely,  
But only  
I because I'm looking  
For something better  
Than doing your cooking

Morris McLeod



# OUT OF THE PAST



AN RKO RADIO PICTURE FROM THE NOVEL  
 "BUILD MY GALLONS HIGH" BY GEOFFREY  
 HOBSON, STARRING ROBERT MITCHUM AND  
 JANE GREER - ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BELBIN.

WHEN JOE STEPHANS  
 PULLED INTO JEFF BAILEY'S  
 COUNTRY GARAGE, JEFF  
 WASN'T THERE, AND THE  
 DEAF AND DUMB LAD  
 COULDN'T SAY WHERE HE WAS



-- SO STEPHANS WENT TO  
 THE MILK BAR ACROSS  
 THE ROAD -- ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

JEFF BAILEY? I GUESS --  
 HE'S PROBABLY OUT WITH  
 HIS GIRL, FRIEND ANN  
 MILLER --



-- AND THAT'S WHERE BAILEY  
 IS, PROPOSING MARRIAGE TO  
 THIS CLEAN COUNTRY GIRL  
 WITH WHOM HE HAS FALLEN  
 DEEPLY IN LOVE -- ~ ~ ~



BAILEY HAS SOMETHING TO BE  
 SCARED OF! STEPHANS COMES  
 FROM A PARTY OF LIFE BAILEY  
 HAD BELIEVED CLOSED, AND  
 BAILEY HAS COME TO TAKE JEFF  
 BACK INTO THE PAST! ~ ~ ~



I ALWAYS MEANT TO TELL  
 YOU, BUT NEVER GOT ROUND  
 TO IT -- THERE'S BEEN  
 TROUBLE IN MY LIFE -- I  
 USED TO BE A PRIVATE DETECTIVE



BAILEY, KNOWN THROUGH THE  
 DISTRICT AS A MYSTERIOUS  
 MAN, GENERALLY TROUBLE  
 WHEN HIS DEAF AND DUMB  
 ASSISTANT COMES FOR HIM

WHAT'S THE MATTER?  
 SCARED OF SOMETHING?



JEFF, WITH NO ALTERNATIVE,  
 BUT TO GO BACK WITH  
 STEPHANS, TAKES HIS  
 SWEETHEART, ANN MILLER,  
 FOR A RIDE AND TELLS HER  
 WHY HE'S ALWAYS CAUTIOUS  
 AND HALF-APPROVED. ~ ~ ~

TAKE A RIDE WITH ME -- I  
 WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING --



SEVEN YEARS EARLIER, JEFF  
 BAILEY WAS KNOWN AS  
 PRIVATE DETECTIVE JEFF  
 MANNHEIM, WITH A PARTNER  
 NAMED FISHER. THEY WERE  
 SENT FOR A CLIENT  
 NAMED WHIT



WHAT HAD BEEN SHOT BY A GIRL WHO STOLE FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS AND CLEARED OUT. HE STILL LOVED HER. WANTED HER BACK. SENT BAILEY TO BRING HER...

FOLLOWING A TRAIL OF EVIDENCE TO CUZCO, MEXICO, JEFF KIPPENHEIMER HOPED TO FIND THE GIRL. HE WANTED AROUND CAMP, LOOKING FOR AMERICANS...



JEFF FINDS THE GIRL, KATHIE. HE IS SEEKING-- SHE DOES NOT WANT TO TALK TO HIM BUT MENTIONED A PLACE CALLED PABLO'S WHICH SHE FREQUENTS -- -- --

MEETING KATHIE AT PABLO'S, JEFF IS SO INTERESTED IN HER HE FORGETS HE IS SUPPOSED TO DELIVER HER BACK TO ANOTHER MAN -- -- --

SOMETIMES I GO TO PABLO'S WHERE THERE'S AMERICAN MUSIC

LIVE SILENCE HERE FOR TWO NIGHTS! YOU'RE A CURIOUS MAN -- -- --



LOVE FOLLOWED EAST, AND JEFF DECIDES TO DOUBLE-CROSS WHIT. HE WANTS KATHIE AND SHE WANTS HIM -- -- --

KATHIE TELLS JEFF SHE SHOT WHIT BECAUSE SHE HATED HIM, BUT SHE DIDN'T TAKE HIS MONEY. SHE WANTS TO STAY WITH JEFF. NOT GO BACK TO WHIT -- -- --



**"Dad uses Mobil oil, too"**

VACUUM OIL COMPANY LTD., LTD.

THEY AGREE, THAT THEY WILL RUN OUT TO SOMEWHERE--THE WORLD IS BIG ENOUGH FOR THEM TO DO--WHIT'S REVENGE

COMING WITH ME? ?

CAN WE GET AWAY WITH IT ?



WITHIN AN HOUR, JEFF WILL MEET KATHIE, AND THEY WILL LEAVE ~~~~~



BUT WHIT DOESN'T QUITE TRUST JEFF MARKHAM--HE AND MARKHAM'S PARTNER FISHER, HAVE FOLLOWED ALONG--JEFF IS CAUGHT !

JEFF LIES TO WHIT THAT HE CAN'T FIND KATHIE, BLUFFS WHIT INTO LEAVING HIM TO CONTINUE THE SEARCH / WHIT AND FISHER GO AWAY--

SHE'S RUN OUT / I GOT HER TRAIL BUT MISSED HER !



TOGETHER AT LAST THEY GO TO ALL THE PLACES WHIT DOESN'T FREQUENT--BACK IN THE UNITED STATES THEY TRY TO MAKE LIFE TOGETHER ...

THEY BECOME WORRIED ABOUT WHIT, IMAGINE THEY ARE BEING FOLLOWED, AND SEPARATE, PLANNING WHERE THEY WILL MEET LATER



# SOVEREIGN HATS

'FIT FOR A KING'



...another dependable  
**TOP DOG**  
**PRODUCT**

Announcing  
FURTHER SUBSTANTIAL  
**REDUCTIONS**  
IN PRICE  
OF  
**MASONITE**  
**HARDBOARDS**

Since the declaration of war, price reductions on Masonite Standard Hardboard have averaged 30%. Tempered Hardboard prices have also been reduced, but not in the same proportion, owing to the constantly increasing costs of the tempering oils used.

Although Masonite is more freely available, demand is so heavy that supplies are not always sufficient to meet orders. Therefore, you may still have difficulties in purchasing all the Masonite you require.



MASONITE CORPORATION (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED  
SALES AND SERVICE DIVISION 307 Pitt St., Sydney, 102 Collins St.,  
Melbourne, 227 Queen St., Hobart, 21 Clarence St., Adelaide.

AWAY IN THE MOUNTAINS  
THEY BELIEVE THEY ARE  
SAFE FROM PURSUIT ~ ~

WHAT A COINCIDENCE--  
MEETING YOU !



FISHER OFFERS TO FORGET  
HE FOUND THEM IF HE IS  
GIVEN THE FORTY THOUSAND  
DOLLARS KATHIE STOLE FROM  
HIM ! KATHIE SAYS SHE  
NEVER HAD THE MONEY  
THUS AND FISHER RIGHT !



KATHIE ESCAPES IN THIS  
CAR, LEAVING JEFF  
BEHIND !



JEFF AND KATHIE MADE  
ONE MISTAKE. THEY  
FORGOT THAT FISHER  
MIGHT FOLLOW KATHIE  
UNTIL THEY CAME TOGETHER  
AGAIN. THIS, HE DID . . .



KATHIE, SCARED TO TRUST  
FISHER, SHOOTS TO KILL  
WHILE HE AND JEFF ARE  
FIGHTING. JEFF ATTACKS  
HER FOR A KILLER, FINDS  
HER BANK PASS BOOK SHOWING  
A FORTY THOUSAND  
DOLLAR BALANCE ~ ~



HE HAD TO DIE  
-- AND THAT IS MY STORY,  
ANN -- I'VE NEVER BEEN  
HERE SINCE, BUT THE MAN  
WHO CAME FOR ME TODAY  
IS WHAT'S OFFICER ~ ~



JEFF TELLS ANN HE'LL HAVE TO GO AND CLEAN UP THE TROUBLE AND EXPLAIN THINGS. NOW THAT WHIT HAS SENT FOR HIM, PROMISES TO BE BACK. WILL YOU WAIT FOR ME? ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

OFF COURSE I WILL



HAVING CHEATED INCOME TAX OF A MILLION DOLLARS, WHIT IS TROUBLED ABOUT LAWYER'S SALES HAVING PROOF OF HIS DISHONESTY. ASKS JEFF TO GET PAPERS BACK. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~



JEFF GOES TO RESCUE THE PAPERS FOR WHIT. INTENDS TO USE SALE'S SECRETARY, MARY CARSON, TO HELP HIM GET THE PAPERS. MARY AGREES TO TAKE HIM TO MEET SALES. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~



WHIT POSSESSES THE PAST APPEARS NOT TO KNOW JEFF AND KATHIE WERE LOVERS. ASKS JEFF TO GET HIM OUT OF SOME MORE TROUBLE. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~



IMMEDIATELY KATHIE DISAPPEARS, TELLS JEFF SHE HAD TO RETURN TO WHIT, BUT VERY QUICKLY MAKES LOVE TO JEFF AGAIN. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~



JEFF HAS SUSPICIONS ABOUT THE SET-UP AND HINTS TO SALES THAT HE WAS BEEN SENT BY WHIT ABOUT THE TAX PAPERS. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~



## THE Skeleton IN THE CUPBOARD

It may seem odd to the young and healthy, but thousands of people have died for the day they were buried!

All through history, mankind has shown fondness in making preparations for burial. In the days of the Romans, for instance, there were ancient codices that were usually bound volumes, and in Republican times they offered for both parades and plots. Under the Emperors, the lower class assassins carried great assassins, but the imperial assassins drowned upon the weaker nobles, and one by one they were suppressed.

Coming to more recent times, one finds that one of the functions of the great medieval guilds was to provide assays for the dead, and weekly burial for their members. Our medieval forefathers may have regarded the earth as a mere pedestal to honor them, but they were sensitive about the style in which they lay it.

During the eighteenth century, Randy English undertakers promoted Burial Clubs. Sir F. M. Eden, in his "Observations on Feudal Societies," quotes an announcement of one that paid an "allowance" in kind.

"A hundredfold opportunity now offers to anyone, of either sex, to be buried in a proper manner by paying 1/- minutes for and 2/- per week for the benefit of stock. Members to consist, above 14 or under 60 years of age, if approved of, and to be free for 6 months from the day of entrance. The deceased to be furnished with the following articles: A strong slate coffin

covered with superfine black, and finished with two rows, all round close down, with hair black powdered and red adorned with rich armfuls of drops, a handsome plate of incense, small above the place and flower, beauty. For use, a handsome silver pail, 3 candlesticks, a clock, 3 large latches, 1 hands and covers, and 5 pairs of gloves, 2 porters, equipped to attend the funeral, a man to stand the coffin with lead and gloves, also the burial fee paid if not exceed one guinea."

Seventy-one years later, a similar plan seems to appear in a paper at Richardson, U.S.A., offering the slightly different services of some newspaper word: "A generally popular among readers."

This desire for a "Spangled Burial" seems well met late Victorian among us, however, people concentrate more upon the ornaments and possibilities of life. The India Burial Services have given place to the modern Life Assurance offices, which have grown to be as great a force both for protection of the individual family and general community good. In Australia alone, three million people hold one or more policies, and the premiums they pay are used freely to meet the claims at day full due, and steadily for the general good of the community. Today, for instance, Life Assurance has over \$130,000,000 invested in Australia's development.



Book NOW for Pioneer's  
**DARWIN**  
and Central Australian TOUR

Now is the time to plan your winter holiday with Pioneer to Darwin and the far North, through the vividly colourful heart of Central Australia. Tours depart regularly, following the historic Overland Telegraph trail

—leaving north from the scrub northern winter to the romance, warmth and mystery of the tropics. These tours are ever-fun travel in its most luxurious form — and early booking is essential!

FREE FOLDER and DETAILS FROM

**pioneer tours**

Melbourne, MU 6921, Sydney, D 0532,  
Adelaide, C 2514, Brisbane, B 5510,  
Hobart, 7470, Launceston, 1760.

Having taken meta-home, Jeff returns quickly to Sales' flat, but the accountant is already dead. Jeff knows his findings — prints are in the flat, understands Whit has framed him with the murder.



Jeff follows Kathie's instructions, visits night club manager's office, and finds the incriminating papers!



Whit turns on Kathie, slaps her and accuses her!



Kathie once more makes love to Jeff, but he is not interested. He accuses her of implicating him in the Sales murder. Askie wheelie the in-criminating papers are and Kathie tells him:

THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO START AGAIN...



Jeff faces Whit, tells him that he has hidden Sales' body and has the papers. Tells him, too, that Kathie was Fisher's murderer.



Jeff offers to return the papers and to dispose of Sales' body if he is freed from murder charges regarding Fisher and Sales. Whit accepts this...



JEFF RETURNS TO HIS SWEETHEART, ANN WHO HAS READ THAT POLICE ARE HUNTING HIM FOR MURDER. HE REACHES HERE, BUT IS SEEN BY A JEALOUS LOCAL MAN /



KATHIE TELLS JEFF THAT SHE STILL LOVES HIM, AND THAT IF HE DOES NOT TAKE HER AWAY, SHE WILL ACCUSE HIM OF WHAT'S MURDER /



KATHIE, IN SPITE OF HERSELF, WONDERS WHETHER JEFF IS REALLY TAKING HER AWAY OR LEADING HER INTO A TRAP. JEFF WONDERS WHETHER HE CAN TRUST HER /



KATHIE, FEARING THAT MURDER OR FISHER WILL COME HOME TO HER, FEARFUL OF WHAT'S THREATS, SHOOTS HIM /

YOU CAN'T BLACKMAIL A DEAD MAN /



JEFF, UNABLE TO ELOD HIMSELF OF HIS LOVE FOR KATHIE, AND KNOWING THAT HE IS COMPLETELY IN HER POWER, PLANS TO GO AWAY WITH HER TO A NEW FUTURE ~ ~ ~

WE'VE BEEN UNLUCKY A WHILE. WE'RE EACH OTHER LONG TIME ~ ~ ~



—BUT THIS JEALOUS MAN WHO SAW JEFF WITH ANN HAS RAISED A HUE AND CRY . . . THE POLICE HAVE CORDED OFF ALL ROADS, AND JEFF AND KATHIE RIDE TO THEIR DEATH /



## "I'M SURE OF SHELL"



"I've got a large family and an old car. The family certainly makes a hole in the weekly budget. The car could, too, if I'd let it. Red it for petrol and decked up countless thousands of miles but the figures I've kept show that, over that period, operating and upkeep costs have been right. I learned the secret soon after I bought the car. I get on to Shell products — now wild horses wouldn't drag me from the Shell symbol!"

YOU CAN BE SURE OF

THE SHELL COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED  
(Incorporated in Great Britain)





Be  
**REGULAR**  
— and build  
yourself **UP!**

Kellogg's All-Bran does more for you than any laxative which is not also a food. It not only supplies the vital BULK your system needs every day for regularity, but, made from the vital outer layers of wheat, it brings you more protective food elements than wheat itself. Kellogg's All-Bran is an important source of Vitamins B<sub>1</sub> for the nerves, B<sub>2</sub> for the eyes, Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones, Nitrogen for the skin and Iron for the blood.



*Kellogg's*  
**ALL-BRAN**®  
® Registered Trade Mark

474

blood. That is why it helps to build you up day by day as it relieves constipation. So change to Kellogg's All-Bran, effective, positive, preventive and safe. Get some today and enjoy it regularly for breakfast. Your grocer knows it.



Kellogg's All-Bran is a bland cereal—bland in taste, that is. It helps keep your blood at the proper level. It's been used with "used blood" and has helped to restore patients' wasted blood, particularly in cases of anemia and anemia in children.

THE PINE



## THE LAST BRINDIS

Movement of the bulging could not obscure the front of human poster.

★ GAMMON MILLS

"In crusty sheep and goady clock  
stars'd.

But all affect, the light-best?  
Madden

Stand in the centre, eager to invade  
The land of lowing bends . . . ?

PEREZ wriggled across to the  
solar's bed, the furnace-hot sand  
burning his blistered feet.

The heavy fighting jacket felt like a bricklayer's load across his shoulders. He could feel the slow strain of sweat trickling over the polished skin of his backless. His legs had been shaking for the last half-hour, and when he waved the mauls at the ball he'd had to stamp his foot hard to stop himself from shaking all over. He'd never felt so tired.

He looked up at the president's box, and, removing the fat moustache from his head, made the bonds—the dedications. He dedicated the bull to Manu. He wondered how many hundred bulls that was now that had died in his name.

He looked casually up at the president's box as he moved away. El Toreo sat up close next to the president—fat-jowled head as big and brutal as the bull he was named after. He was one of the greatest of the aficionados, a true lover of the sport. Perez wondered if he got as much enjoyment out of watching the fights as he did, out of whipping and torturing the rebels who were unlucky enough to fall into his hands.

Well, he'd defended the fairness and worth of the four bulls he'd killed so far to El Toreo, so that ought to have pleased him. El Toreo smiled at him in a queer way, though, when he'd done that and whispered something in the president's ear. The president had looked at Perez and as he was walking away had laughed. He hadn't liked that and he'd wondered why they'd done it—

He stopped the thoughts away from him, and silenced his sword from the way both held out to him in the crook of the boy's arm.

He went out before the president's box and flapped the matador. The bull looked at him steadily. There was a point high up on its shoulder where Vulkan, the pander, had stuck in his lance and the black blood was still seeping out. Perez was coming to count more and more on Vulkan and his lance and his early weakening of the bull with savage, strategic thrusts. And the man was such an

assort that the blood that came with the slowness of death, set with a spurt that proclaimed to the crowd that the pander and not the matador was killing the bull.

The bull passed the sand slowly. Perez flapped the matador again and stamped his foot. The bull started to move slowly towards him. He shook the matador and kept stamping his foot on the ground, faster and faster.

The bull stopped twenty yards from him and hung its head, sniffling at a池 of blood on the sand. He shouted, "Hi there—hi, my little friend—come—come and beさて—" The crowd shouted with him.

The bull snorted as tall along its sides, raised its head, bellowed, and, suddenly making up its mind, charged.

Perez let the matador drop limply from his hand. He drew himself up on his toes, knowing that only his lead left his persecuted staff to the bull, and sighted along the sword.

When the bull hit him he went between the horns and threw the sword in between the shoulder-blades. He passed out his brush thankfully as the sword went in hollow without the scraping sound of bone. He leaned against the bull and let it carry him stumblingly for a few yards, and then as it fell to its knees, coughing and rearing, he stepped lightly away.

"Ole! Ole, Juanito! He can die—he can them alive!"

He strode across the sand, keeping his back and shoulders straight.

An old Penfolds slapped at him and pounded him with his gnarled brawny-sealed old fingers; he closed his eyes



*Everywhere the Elephant goes  
He carries a trunk perfume  
He'd really rather carry a "port"  
A Penfolds Port of course.*

**Penfolds**  
ROYAL RESERVE  
PORT



Because for a moderate weekly rental, without deposit, you enjoy the full rights and privileges of a radio owner, without any of the worries or responsibilities—and at the same time you may, if you wish, exchange or purchase.

RENTAL FROM 200 METERS

NO DEPOSIT

## FACTORY SERVICE

#### PRICE INSURANCE

#### FREE VALVE REPLACEMENTS EXCHANGE FOR NEW MODELS

人體工程學

TEAR-DYE ACCEPTED

**PURCHASE.** If the set is to your liking, arrangements may be made to purchase additional models of its installation. Upon completion of these arrangements, you pay no more than the original price, as subscriptions paid are credited toward the purchase price.

**RADIO  
RENTALS**

Established in Australia since 1983  
**Capitol House, 109 Swanston Street, Melbourne, Central 3001.**  
**Linden Court, Market Street, Sydney, NSW 2000. Tel. 02 221 1111.**

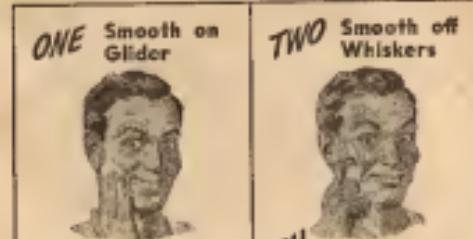
and let his mind slip back . . . Seeing El Toco must have done it . . . His thought took him to the days when he couldn't give fights, when he was a young neophyte and there were bulls to be killed but they wanted men like Encarnacion, Alfonso, Oronce and Duez to kill them. Rechristened, he had begun to mix with the rebels, thinking that no government that could allow a bull-fighter like himself to starve should remain in power. And then he remembered he had received a small engagement to fight in the capital. It had not been much, but he had been overpayed. It was his chance to show them all how good he was. And then hard upon it a man had come up to the table where he sat at lunch at the cheap bull-fighter's hotel where he ate on the occasions he could afford a meal and told him. Merely his chance of fighting depended entirely upon whether he disclosed his rebel associates' names and where they had their meetings. Them had only been a small party then, and he tried to cast his conscience by telling himself it was only children's stuff that would never spread. So he had told the man . . .

He had met Maria long years after that and she had been one of them, too. But he was a skillful matador now and he had told her many times how being his wife, she could be one at them, too, as the people who paid him the fabuloso sum he received for fighting were not the same people who were going through the land now with rifle and bomb demanding a new government.

He stared on the table and opened his eyes.

Perches had finished 2003.

EVER SHAVED  
WITHOUT A BRUSH?



You finish shaving in  
HALF your usual time!

Simply wash your face and smooth on Cedar with your fingers—that's all there is to it! Then you shave off the most stubborn whisker.

Glader instantly smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. Lets pasteurized glide evenly . . . protects even the most tender spots on your face from scarpes and tiny cuts. Glader gives you close, clean shaves in comfort . . . and your face's dairing in half your usual time.

Gloves are made by The J. B. Wilbourn Co., makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

# Glider

Brushless  
Shaving Cream



# Progress through STEEL



A NEW ERA of transportation was heralded forty years ago by the "horseless carriage" from which has developed the modern motor car. Standards of reliability and mobile convenience have been progressively improved in the motor car's evolution which has influenced sweeping changes in our habits of work, travel and leisure.

Steel's inherent strength gave the motor industry its first impetus, and steel's versatility to-day makes possible the streamlined beauty of this modern car's design and operation.

To make an average six-cylinder sedan requires 3,045 pounds of steel comprising 126 different varieties. This weight of metal is reduced by the processes of manufacture to about 2,000 pounds in the finished car. Due in large measure to the Australian steel industry's progress, cars assembled in this country contain as many as 76 per cent. of local materials.

In many other industrial achievements steel has made an essential contribution to progress.

In truth, no nation can be economically strong without the capacity to make steel. Fortunately, Australia's steel requirements are assured by the productive capacity and efficiency of The Broken Hill Proprietary's Newcastle Steel Works providing a sound economic foundation for industrial progress.

## THE BROKEN HILL PROPRIETARY CO. LTD.

Head Office: 422 Little Collins Street, Melbourne  
Offices at Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Perth and Brisbane

SHIPYARD: Whyalla, S.A.

STEEL WORKS: Newcastle, N.S.W.



*He made out the escape of  
Pancho in the corner and  
the figure lying on there  
in every lurch. Later the pain would  
go and he would feel fine.*

He got up off the table and dressed in his street clothes. He took out a roll of notes. Pancho shook his head and smiled. He said, "Dad! eat a bull to me."

Perez shrugged. He pulled off a note and said, "Here, anyway, buy your eldest a mink. Make him a mandar. It's the only thing left in this crazy world." He put the notes away and said, "You shall have the ears of your bull, too. I will tell you something I would not tell another, Pancho. I shall not be fighting much

longer. I am not so quick as I was, and I have enough." He paused. "I wonder who I shall dedicate my last bull to?"

Pancho, because he had known Perez since he came into the sport and could say such things to him, responded, "Praise God it is to a worthier man than that fiend of an Eli Tora."

Perez said, "It is such men as Eli Tora that keep the sport alive in these crazy times."

# A thorn stab- ouch! it hurts



PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON  
World's Largest Manufacturers of Surgical Dressings

Perez said nothing. He pulled his Fifth Avenue handbag over his eyes and went out.

There were a lot of aficionados used to pull him up for drinks, but he laughingly refused them all and went straight back to the hotel. Maria always travelled with him and she was waiting there for him.

Lately after a hard day under the beaten sun of the suns he looked for nothing so much as the cool shadow of her fingers at his brow, bringing the quiet shadows of sleep to the eyes he had had to narrow to throbbing blue all day. Like all successful matadors he had led a violent life, and now he was looking for rest. And he was finding to his mounting surprise that the lady deer-eyed beauties he had married because she looked more like a flower than a woman was a soothing person, with her gentleness and calm, for all in the

But she was not there when he arrived home. He went through the four rooms of the suite calling her name, and then he rang the desk click thinking she might have left a message.

The man answered him barkingly. He said, "No, Senor Perez, the señora did not leave a message, but she went out some time ago." He stopped abruptly.

Perez prompted, "Yes—to where?"

The clerk said briefly, "I do not know, señor," and rang off.

He sat around for a while and looked at some magazines. Then he went down to see the clerk.

He said abruptly, "You sounded as if you wished to tell me something more about my wife's going out—what was it?" He took out

the roll of nose agar.

The clerk said nervously, "No—no, amico—I do not want money. It was you that—" he looked around and lowered his voice—"I saw the señora leaving with two Hammer men."

Perez stared at him. He started to say, "That—" stopped, turned, and went slowly back up to the suite.

He had his meal set up there, ate what little of it he could, gulped down his wine, and was putting up his hat when the phrasemonger

When he lifted the receiver El Toreo's voice said silkily in his ear, "Perez?"

He said, "Yes."

The Hammer chaf's voice said uncooly, "We have your wife down here. We are questioning her. We have discovered that she is an actress—a very active member of the rebel party. Has been for years; it seems. Being the wife of such an—ah—unpleasantitious as yourself she has until now escaped detection. She has appeared at several meetings of the underground movement in this city. Her special job it seems—self-appointed it would appear—was to create a hornet's nest about my ears in this city I am bringing to bed!"

His voice changed. It had the measured, macabre weight of a black jack thudding into a spot. He said, "We may find it necessary to keep her here for a few days. You will do nothing but keep us killing your bulls, Perez. I trust there will be no diminution of your artistry as I shall be there at each performance."

The receiver clunked down in Perez's ear. He furiously replaced the receiver on the cradle. Then he walked slowly, dizzily across to the

## A little of this goes a long way

When thinking of liqueurs, connoisseurs realize that a little goes a long way towards making a successful after dinner drink. Liqueur means that a little of this and a dash of that—when properly combined—can make delightful, mallowy "long" drinks for any occasion. Try these:



From the German "Kummell" (Caraway seed), by a Russian formula developed at Riga and adored by the English, Kummell is truly international in prestige.

Also, Kummell is an excellent new drink.

2 Decades glass Riesenthal, 1 liqueur glass White Grappa, plenty of crushed ice and top up with soda!



277 Grosvenor Street, London, W.1  
2 million 500,000 in storage for direct delivery business. "How to be a Popular Hostess."

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

£1.40

THREE

wine that was left and slowly drank it. Now he knew why the president had laughed. . . After a while he stopped staring at the empty bottle and went to bed. He ruminated on the matress case all night . . .

He killed time mechanically, aimlessly, quizzically, as though they intruded upon his own private thoughts and he wanted to be rid of them. The days passed and he had completed his engagements in the city. He sent his caddie out to the next city he was to visit and told them he would follow later. He sat around his hotel suite, silently, slowly drinking wine and having his meals sent up. He stopped shaving and that he stopped eating. He sat drinking wine and staring at the clock set in the wall.

Two days after his caddie had left the city the phone rang. He stared at it and rang twice again and then he slowly picked it up.

El Tero's voice was sultry, "You may come and see your wife," and the receiver clicked in his ear.

He held the receiver in his hand staring at it for a long time. When the girl said impertinently, "Are you getting through?" he reached for the caddy and gently laid the receiver back on it. After a while he got his hat, straightened his m's, and went out . . .

El Tero said, "Come with me." He followed the fat man down the corridor. Two men with the hamsters seeking the fiery and marked on their pocket knives moved in quietly behind them. It was an old prison, built by the people who had once owned the country. There was slime on the walls like the sides of a well. It was dark and smelled like

## PAL—the NEW kind of razor blade!



### FLEXIBLE IN THE RAZOR.

Because it's hollow ground, PAL's keen, delicate edge is flexible. Follows the curve of your face with astonishing ease.

LIKE A MASTER BARBER'S SHAVE with your own name! PAL's flexible edge floats over your face with just a feather touch. No "bearing down". No pull. No scrape.

More shaves to each blade. MILLIONS SOLD. PAL already sells by the millions in Canada, the U.S.A. and Britain. Get PAL today from the shop where you usually buy your blades. Then prepare for a thrill—your first PAL Hollow Ground Shave! 4 for 10½d. Bits all popular double edged razors.

# PAL

### HOLLOW GROUND RAZOR BLADES

4 for 10½d.



## "Finely Tailored for Perfect Fit"

We're still unable to make sufficient to meet the terrific and ever-increasing demand for this popular, high-quality merchandise. If you can't find a Jantzen in the stores this season can you make your old cardigan do? A Jantzen is worth waiting for.



a dead bull who'd been left too long in the sun.

There were moanings from behind the doors. A skinny man slipped across the path and vanished under one of the doors.

Suddenly El Toro stopped. He mapped his fingers. One of the Hammer men took out a huge key and opened the cell door. El Toro stood aside. Perez went in. He could not see anything for a while. Then he made out the shapes of blankets in the corner and the figure lying on them. He went across and slowly dropped to his knees. He fumbled amongst the blankets and turned the face to him. The mouth was powdered to a livid jelly—the hole was matted with blood, but her eyes were open and he knew her by them.

He looked up at El Toro.

He said, "But she's—"

El Toro said swiftly in the same sly voice, "Yes. We had to examine her rather—ah—thoroughly. Unfortunately, she did not tell us a great deal. And then, more unfortunately, she—ah—left us. A pity." He pointed down at her bulging stomach. He said, "That may have made a greater mistake than you, Yes, a pity."

He said, "She will have a man. You are too great an exponent of the art for her to be denied that."

Perez slowly pulled a blanket across her face and got to his feet. El Toro coughed. He said, "I trust you will do nothing stupid,

Perez. You are too great a fighter to die. And for a tomorrow such as you there are many women."

Perez walked to the door. He said quietly, "Let us go . . ."

Later that evening the phone rang in the suite. In the silence it sounded like a siren. Perez lifted it gently and said in a sober voice, "Yes?" There was not enough wine in the world to make him drunk.

The voice of El Toro said, "I understand, Perez, you were due for a week's holiday in your next city before you commenced fighting these. As you have used up almost all that week here we have been wondering if you would put in one last appearance here in the couple of days you still have at your disposal. We are all still hungry for the master. What do you say, Perez?"

He did not answer for a long time.

El Toro's voice said quickly, "Perez—Perez—are you there?"

He said merrily, "Yes. I will fight . . ."

It was his fourth bell.

He had seldom fought as well. He remembered once a day in the capital and another in a southern city when things had gone as well for him. But such days were rare in the life of a master. They were flashes of greatness that came only to the greatest of masters and on the rarest of occasions.

He had seen El Toro run to his feet several times shouting his name with the roar. Such pride from such

**CAVALCADE** is again in short supply, due to the necessity for paper conservation under economic resources applied by the Federal Government in its effort to assist Britain. It is, therefore, suggested that you ask your newsagent to reserve your copy.

a perfectionist was a sign of the greatness of his fighting this day.

When Pancho had strummed to his own once more when a horn had announced him a slight wound the old man had said gruffly, "Such a copia is an insult to the fighter you are to-day."

He walked slowly across to the president's box now.

It was the time for the brindis. They put the microphone down to him. They were doing things in great style this day. He took off the mustache. He looked around the arena. The stands were packed, both the shaded and the sunny sides—silently waiting for him to speak.

He said clearly, "I dedicate this bull to the rebels." There was a sudden stir in the president's box. El Toco leaned forward, fat jowls livid. A murmur started in the crowd. He said quickly, "I dedicate this bull to the thousands of rebels who have died in freedom's name. I dedicate it to the cause which I betrayed. I dedicate it to the men and women who are dying for the rights which we, like gods, share, allow to be taken away from us."

The president gathered himself. An engineer moved up in the box. The microphone clicked. He knew it was dead. He raised his voice. He shouted, "I dedicate it to Marin and all her comrades. And now, rebels, take your bull—El Toco."

He groped inside the shirt beneath his jacket for the Luger. He pulled it out and fired steadily at El Boca. Where El Toco's left eye had been appeared a red-examined hole. Two more bullets were into his heavy jowls like stones into sand. Perez kept firing until the Luger was empty. Then he threw it away.

He had not heard the bull behind him. A voice from the crowd screamed, "Juancito—behind you—"

He turned quickly, but this was one Valera had not been there to welcome, and hit him with all the vigor and strength of his three-year-old pride. The horn crashed through the bars of his ribs, and the sudden, quick pain had black-gloved hands on his brain.

Pancho was stumbling across the arena screaming, "Juancito—Juancito—" But he was too tired to run until he got there...



### A Gift of Remembrance for MOTHER'S DAY

Post this form with your local newsagent or bookseller, or post to the Subscription Manager, CAVALCADE Magazine, 56 Young Street, Sydney.

Please send a Mother's Day Gift Subscription to

NAME

ADDRESS

Please add 10/- more to cover air mail charges.

5/48

# DRIVE SAFELY

HEED ALL ROAD SIGNS WHEREVER YOU GO



Published in the interests of Safe Driving by  
THE COMMONWEALTH OIL REFINERIES LIMITED  
Government Contractors and Agents for the R.A.F.

COR/3/14

Ask your STOREKEEPER  
OR C.O.R. AGENT for CORALITE LAMP  
KEROSENE

# Talking Points

• COVER GIRL: Big flowing hair are the fine expressions Jean Peters gives the more-dramatized characters, and those who observe from far are more than casual. An outdoor girl with that outdoor look, she edited acting classes to beauty, when she appeared in "Captain from Canada" for 20th-Century Fox.

• LAW, ETC: Bill Koen, who wrote "The Broken Bridge and Red" (page 5 this year), was in Melbourne at the time of the "post" plague, and wrote from experience as well as knowledge. The increasing losses of the spans (and of the assay), is due the "pusher" with that abominable disease in law-abiding people did not grow out of any social malaise, but developed among young apprentices who had no much time on their hands.

• COLOR: Two fiction stories in this issue of CAVALCADE about the colour to which you're either quick or dead, and the result is a welcome oasis of comic beauty: a breath of romance "His Hand Likes His Father" (page 38), doesn't at first seem to be part of the modern dramatic world—but it is, and the blood red which is the theme, is still dear to thousands of Hollywood heroes. Drama "Milk" has story "The Last Brindis" (page 99) but a powerfully worked out plot—but more, it is a truly lovely picture in ball gowns.

• KELLER: Several stories may speak to "See Dots That Spread The Light" (page 28), in view of Helen Keller's visit and lecture tour. How anybody who is deaf, dumb and blind can command an international lecture tour is just one of those things which couldn't have happened here for these See Dots."



New Series, Vol. 7, No. 6  
28 Young Street, Sydney

Published by K. G. Murray Publishing Company Pty. Ltd.  
Printed by Caulfield Newspapers Ltd., Caulfield St.,  
Port Melbourne

• DANCE: It has never been decided whether the dances that were won on the playing fields of Eton were won by the more-precise footed up there, or by the willingness of men to fight for a reason which gave them playgrounds. Hitler some years ago called a broken and disarmed Germany by making "Strength Through Joy" his motto. Those three words was a guarantee. The Olympia cast from in Germany believe that the same technique might realize the disarmed people in democratic ideas.

• HOME: Every member of visitors call at CAVALCADE's office to do something about the long plan which have now appeared in 40 issues of the magazine, many CAVALCADE houses are to be seen, built and being lived in right now. Architect W. Werner Sharp says he has plenty more ideas where those come from, and hopes now that any home owner will accept any plan just as it is without alteration, but that the rooms will cover every problem which presents itself to the builder of the modern home who has to get along by works with due regard to building restrictions.

• STRIP: The exclusive picture-story series which CAVALCADE introduced with "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" (last issue), will be a very popular type of movie preview, and that's a foreword "Out of the Past" (like me), is a very interesting story of very different interest—and there is a new item in store with "Mama Tseen," which is next month's strip-preview. Photographic novelties in fact as our parents are common enough, but CAVALCADE takes pride in the added interest given by calling the full story of that you have not seen in many form. Sydney artist Phil Bellon is doing a good job on it, too!



WASHABLE Skrip is a "first" for home and school—washes out of all washable fabrics with ordinary soap and water!

PERMANENT Skrip is made for business records and documents that must be preserved—withstanding even boiling water!



for Quality Cloth

# Crusader Cloth

AT A REASONABLE  
PRICE TO  
WEAR OR SHINE

